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# VOCAL MAGAZINE.

CONTAINING

# A SELECTION

OF

THE MOST ESTEEMED

# ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISH SONGS,

ANTIENT AND MODERN:

ADAPTED FOR THE HARPSICHORD OR VIOLIN.

VOL. I.

O decus Phæbi, et dapibus supremi Grata testudo Jovis, o laborum Dulce lenimen! Hor.

Edinburgh:

PRINTED BY C. STEWART & CO.

1797.

[PRICE-10s. 6d. bound.]

# VOCAL MICHIE

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# MISS HENRIETTA HUNTER,

### THIS VOLUME

OF.

# THE VOCAL MAGAZINE,

WHICH HAS BEEN HONOURED WITH THE APPROBATION
OF ONE WHO IS SO EMINENTLY QUALIFIED
TO JUDGE OF ITS MERIT,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

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THE EDITOES.

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# ADVERTISEMENT.

MONG the relaxations from the fatigues and business of life, there are none more innocent or more delightful than Music. Among the accomplish. ments of modern education, and particularly that of the fair fex, none are more elegant or more attractive, and confequently none more justly fashionable than skill in the practice of Music, whether vocal or instrumental. But besides the expence which attends the acquisition of that skill, the purchase of engraved Music and the choice and felection of proper pieces are obstacles in the way of many performers, especially of such as live in the country or at a distance from the advice of persons of taste.

On confidering the state of Vocal Music, it appeared to the Editors that there was wanting in this country, fome felect collection, at a cheap rate, of antient and modern Songs, with claffical and appropriate words. Of fingle fongs there are in the Music shops a very great number; but comparatively few of real and approved merit. A fet of these, even though chosen with care and taste, cannot be had uniform; and the expense is confiderable. Our modern composers are very indifferent as to the choice of words; which are often infignificant, and fometimes abfurd. The engravers of music are generally illiterate, and where the correctness is left to them, which feems to be too often the case, the errors we find in their works often acquire a currency among those whose education is imperfect.

The object therefore of this publication is to remedy as much as possible these inconveniencies. A felect collection of good Music, with words by the best English Authors, is they believe, no where else to be found. Some works similar to the following, fuch as the Musical Miscellany, met with very great success and are now grown fcarce. These, however, are all inserior, in point of execution at least, to the Vocal Magazine; while the invention of printing the Music with moveable types enables the Editors to afford it at a price infinitely below that of en-

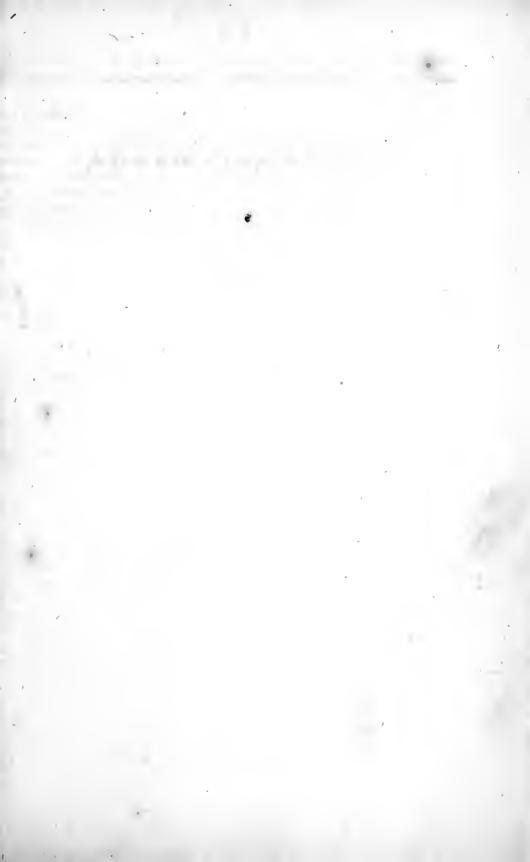
graved Music.

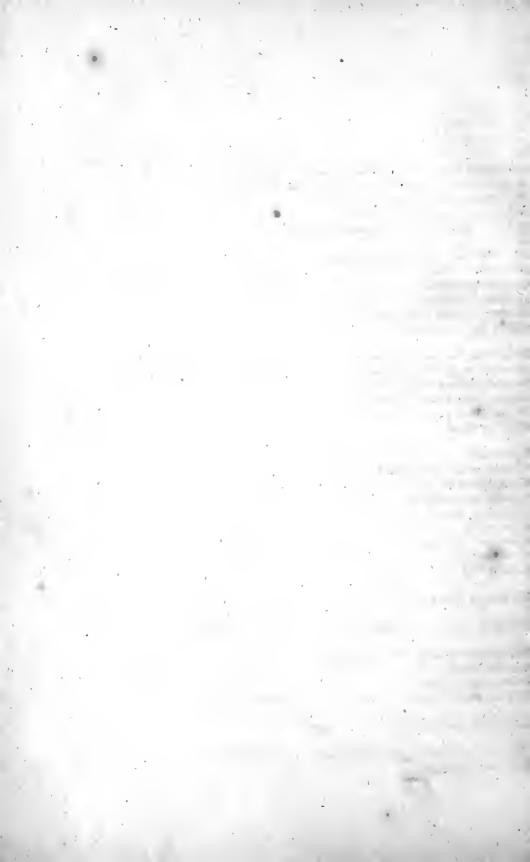
With regard to the felection, they have endeavoured to give variety, that the taste of different people might be gratified. They hope, that though in a collection every piece cannot be of equal merit, yet that they have admitted none which

Him

will not please judges. The words are chosen from the works of the best authors; and they hope they have avoided every thing that can give offence even to the most delicate.

In this northern part of our island, vocal harmony, it must be confessed, is but little cultivated; most young ladies contenting themselves with singing alone or with a harpsichord accompaniment, but sew attempting to sing in parts. Of late indeed, among some of the best singers, attempts have been made to introduce the practice, and it is now becoming fashionable. To encourage this taste, a few of the most savourite duos and trios, have been inserted in the following volume, which, it is hoped, may be useful in removing from our fair countrywomen, the reproach of being behind their southern neighbours in so elegant an accomplishment.





# C O N T E N T S.

A	Words.	Music. Song.
At dead of night the hour when courts		Pleyel. 5
A fig for the cares of this whirligig world		Irish. 14
Ah where can fly my foul's true love		Phyel. 26
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Burns.

Ye banks and braes of bonny Down

Mr Millar. 43

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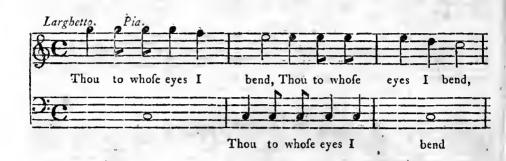
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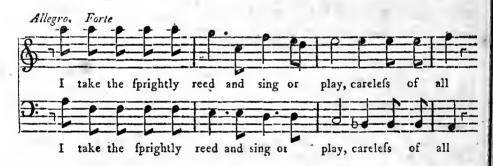


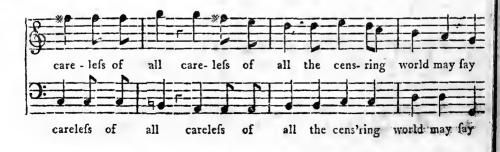
## INVOCATION.

BY WILLIAM JACKSON

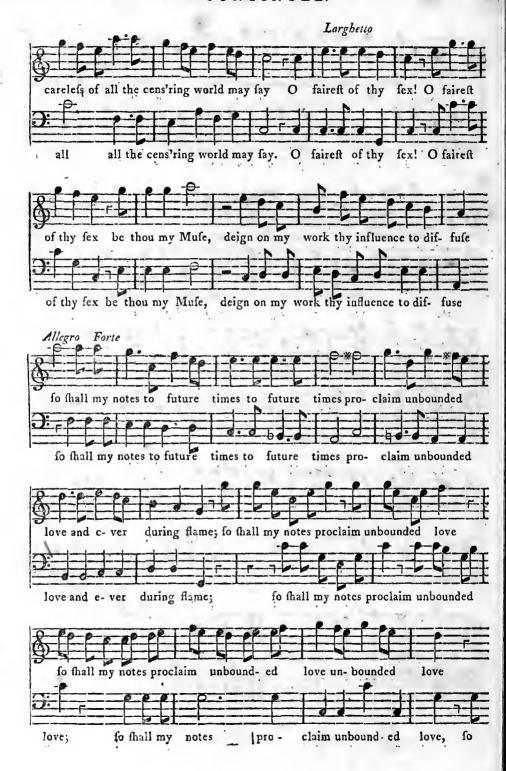










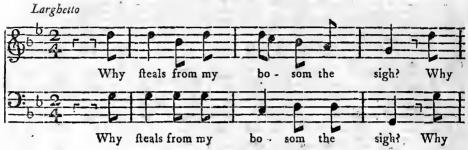


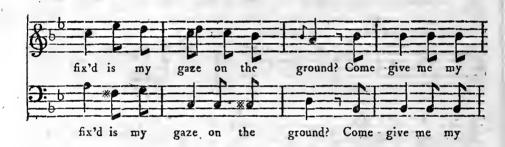
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### SONG II.

### WHY STEALS FROM MY BOSOM.









found. 'Twas taught by La - vi-nia's sweet smile, In

#### CONTINUED.







II.

I lean on my hand with a figh;

My friends the fost sadness condemn;

Yet methinks, tho' I cannot tell why,

I should hate to be merry like them.

### CONTINUED

When I walk'd in the pride of the dawn Methought all the region look'd bright: Has fweetness forfaken the lawn? For methinks, I grow lad at the fight.

TIT.

Let me walk where the soft-rising wave
Has pictur'd the moon on its breast;
Let me walk where the new cover'd grave
Allows the pale lover to rest!
When shall I in its peaceable tomb,
Be laid with my forrows asseep!
Should Lavinia but chance on my tomb
I could die if I thought she would weep.

#### SONG III.

#### MY LOVE IS BUT A LASSIE YET.





### CONTINUED:



Where flow'rs their blooming fweets exhale,
My Daphne, let us fondly stray,
Where whisp'ring love breathes forth his tale,
And shepherds sing their artless lay,
O listen to the voice of Love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.



#### CONTINUED



No found of joy disturbs my strain,

No hind is whistling on the kill;

No herdsman winding o'er the plain,

No maiden singing by the rill.

Esk, murm'ring thro' the darksome pines,

Reslects the moon's uncertain beams;

While thro' the clouds she faintly shines,

In fancy's eye the pale ghost gleams.

Not fo the night that in thy halls
Once, Roslin! danc'd in joy along;
The owl now fcreams within thy walls,
That echoed mirth's infpiring fong.
Where bats now flit on dufky wings,
Th' empurpled feast was wont to flow;
And beauty danc'd in graceful rings,
Where now the dank weeds baleful grow.

What now avails how great! how gay!

How fair! how fine, their matchless dames

Here sleeps their undistinguish'd clay;

The stone effac'd has lost their names.

And you gay crowds must soon expire,

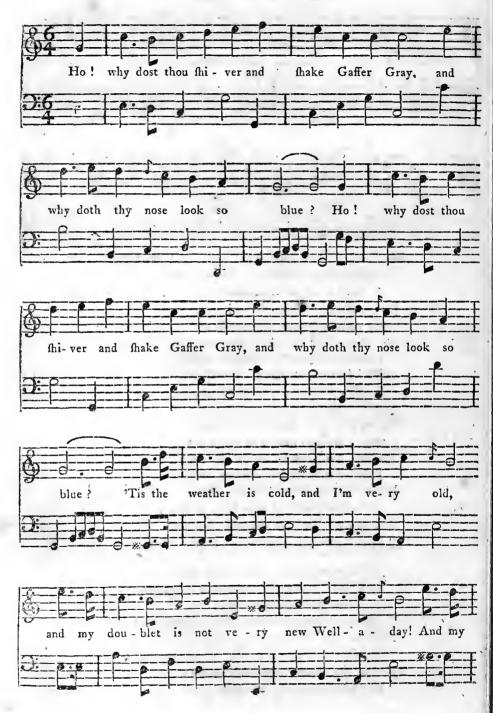
Unknown, unprais'd, their fair one's name;

Not so the charms that verse inspire,

Increasing years increase their fame.

### SONG VI.

#### GAFFER GRAY:





Then line thy worn doublet with ale, Gaffer Gray!

And warm thy old heart with a glass.

" Nay, but money I've none,

" And my credit's all gone,

"Then say how may that come to pass? Welladay!

Hie away to the house on the brow, Gaffer Gray!

And knock at the jolly Priest's door.

"He has often supplied me,

"And never denied me;

"But - I dare not go there any more; Welladay!

The Lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray!

For candour and justice rever'd;

"He will fasten his locks,

"And hint that the stocks,

"For vagrants and rogues are prepar'd; Welladay!

The Squire has fat beeves and brown ale, Gaffer Gray?

And the feason will open his store,

"His fat beeves and his beer,

"And his merry new year,

"Are all for the honest tho' poor; Welladay!

The wicked and idle in youth, Gaffer Gray!

Must expect to be poor when they're old.

"Alas 'tis my fate,

"To feel when too late,

"The truth I have ever been told; Welladay!

The Music by Mr. Stephen Clarke, of Edinburgh; and the Words, with a few alterations, by Holcroft.

#### FATHER ADAM:





This and the following Song are given as specimens of old Music. They are extracted from a Song-book published at Aberdeen by one Forbes, in the year 1682 intitled Songs and Fancies. It contains, fifty-five Songs, with the Music; or simple air alone, without bass or other accompaniment. It is remarkable, that in this collection, there is not one of those commonly known at present by the name of Scots tunes. The words according to the taste of the times, are in general on religious subjects, and often absurd enough, as appears by the first verse of the above Song, which is to be sung as follows; the words in italics, being used at the repeats.

When Father Adam first did slee,
From presence of the Lord his face,
His cloaths was short, scarce cover'd his knee,
The great God cry'd, and held him in chace.
Stay Adam, stay Adam, saith the Lord
Where art thou Adam? turn thee and stay:
I was afraid to hear thy voice,
And naked thus to come in thy way:
Who hath reveal'd &c.

In the Gentleman's Magazine about two years ago, an investigation took place concerning the author of the popular air of God save the King, and at last in the Magazine for July 1795, it was finally ascribed (on the authority of one Smith a Mussian at Bath) to Henry Carey, the author of Sally in our Ally, Chrononhotonthologos &c. who had come to Smith with the air to have it harmonized. The resemblance in the 2d strain of the following song, to that of God save the King, is so striking that we thought our giving it here, might gratify the curious, and perhaps enable them to judge of Carey's title to be thought the author.

The basses we have added, as we shall hereafter do to any other we may occasionally select from the same, or similar works.

### SONG VIII.

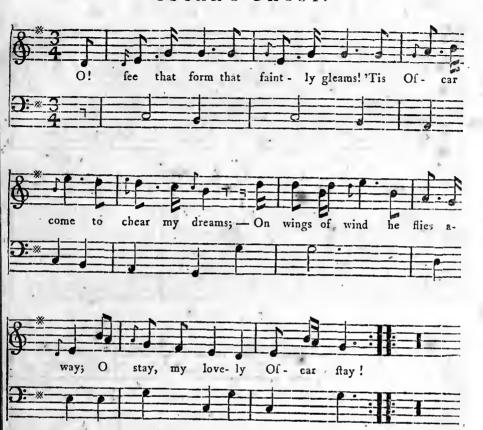
### REMEMBER O THOU MAN.



Remember Adam's fall, O thou man, O thou man, Remember Adam's fall from heaven to hell.

Remember Adam's fall, how we were condemned all, In hell perpetual therein to dwell. &c. &c.

#### OSCAR'S GHOST.



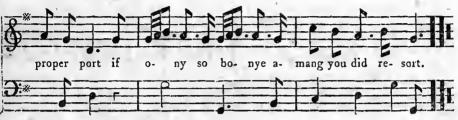
Wake, Ossian! last of Fingal's line, And mix thy tears and sighs with mine; Awake the harp to doleful lays, And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise.

The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall, Since gloomy Cairbar wrought his fall; The roe on Morven lightly bounds, Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

#### THE BANKS OF HELICON.







No, no. Forfooth was never none,
That with this perfect paragon
In beauty might compare;
The Muses would have given the gree
To her as to the A per se,
And peerless pearl preclare;
With qualities and form divine,
By nature so decored;
As Goddess of all feminine,
Of men to be adored;
So blessed that wished
She is in all mens thought,
As rarest and fairest
That ever Nature wrought.

It would exceed our limits to give the rest of the words: the original is in the Pepys Collection in the University of Cambridge. The melody must have been a favourite with our ancestors; for the stanza is a very common one in the works of our early poets; many compositions, to the tune of The Banks of Helicon, are to be found in the Bannatyne MS preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, compiled in 1568. It is, probably, the most ancient Scots tune of which the original words remain.

### SIR PATRICK SPENCE.





Then up and spak an eldren knight,
Sat at the King's right knee;
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
"That sails upon the sea."
The King has written a braid letter,
And sign'd it wi' his hand;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick read,

A loud laugh laughed he;
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.
O wha is this has done this deed,
This ill deed done to me;
To fend me out this time o' the yeir,
To fail upon the sea?

4

Mak haste, mak haste my merry men all,
Our gude ship fails the morn. —
O say na sae my master dear,
For I sear a deadlie storm.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moon, Wi' the auld moon in her arme; And I sear, I sear, my master dear, That we will come to harme.

5

O our Scots nobles were right laith
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon;
But lang or a' the play were play'd,
They wat their heads aboon.
O lang lang may their ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Or they see gude Sir Patrick Spence
Cum failing to the land.

O lang lang may their ladies stand
Wi' their gold kems in their hair,
Waiting to see their ain dear lords
For they'll see them nae mair.
Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathom deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

# BRISK WINE. DR. ARNOLD.



Brisk wine brisk wine and love- ly wo- men'are the fource the







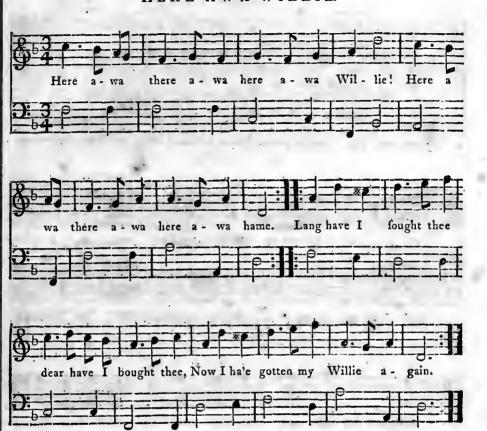
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#### CONTINUED.



#### HERE AWA WILLIE.



Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;
Whate'er betide us nought shall divide us,
Love now rewards all my forrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie!

Here awa, there awa, here awa hame.

Come, Love, believe me naething can grieve me,

Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

### PASTHEEN FUEN.



#### CONTINUED.



Just as full of defects as the rest of my kind,
"Give and take" is my measure, for specks in the mind;
For who in another should pry for a spot,
When he knows in his heart he has blot upon blot?

In the mere War of Posts 'twixt the Inns and the Outs, It but little boots me, who is routed or routs; Still I gain by their fallies, whene'er they combine To give salt to my Mussin, and zest to my Wine.

At peace with all fects, J ask no man his Credo In points of real import to none I say Cedo, Content if my course, from the day-break of youth, Has been steer'd by the compass and rudder of truth.

Full of life, fun and glee, with a jig in my heel, Once I revel'd with Bacchus, and joined in the reel; But these frolies are past, and their relies declare, There's no jig in a crutch, and no reel in a chair.

From a Prodigal, now grown a mifer of Pleasure, I begin with Anacreon, to hug my last treasure; And the better to manage, and spin out my store, I make one go as far as I used to make sour.

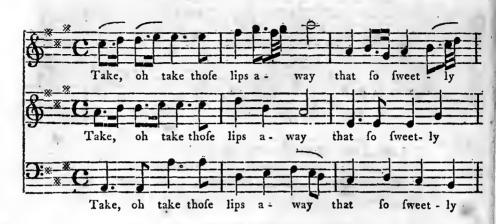
Light in freight as a Cutter return'd from a cruize,
"Finding little to gain, having little to lose,\*
My anchor is cast, and my sails are all furl'd,
"So a fig for the cares of this whirligig world.

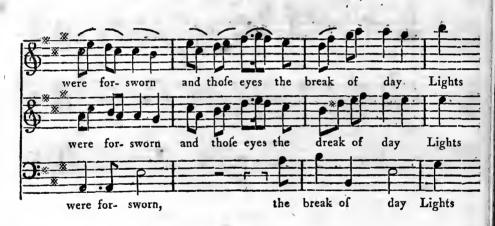
Sancho Panza's confolatory Proverb-" If little I gain, as little I lofe."

### SONG XV.

### TAKE OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

SMIT H.







#### CONTINUED





Take, oh take my fears away,
Which thy cold disdain has bred;
And grant me one auspicious ray,
From thy morn of beauties shed:
But thy killing beams restrain,
Lest I be by beauty slain.

### SONG XVI.

### STIRLING TOWER.



#### CONTINUED.

O dismal night! she said and wept, O night presaging forrow; O dismal night! she said and wept, But more I dread to-morrow.

For now the bloody hour draws nigh, Each host to battle bending; At morn shall sons their fathers slay, With deadly hate contending.

Even now in visions of the night,
I saw fell death wide sweeping;
And all the matrons of the land,
And all the virgins weeping.

And now the heard the masty gates
Harsh on their hinges turning;
And now through all the Castle heard
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed, The fatal tidings dreading; O speak, she cry'd, my father's slain! I see, I see him bleeding.

"A pale corpse on the fullen shore,
At morn, fair maid, I left him;
Even at the thresh-hold of his gate,
The foe of life bereft him.

Bold in the battle's front he fell With many a wound deformed; A braver Knight or better man, This fair ifle ne'er adorned."

While thus he fpoke the grief-struck maid
A deadly swoon invaded;
Lost was the lustre of her eyes,

And all her beauty faded.

E

These lines are said to have been written by the late Sir G. Elliot, on occasion of the death of the celebrated Colonel Gardner, who sell at the battle of Prestonpans, in 1746.

#### MARIA.



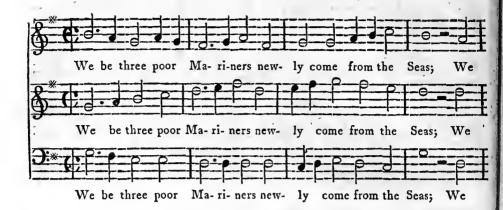


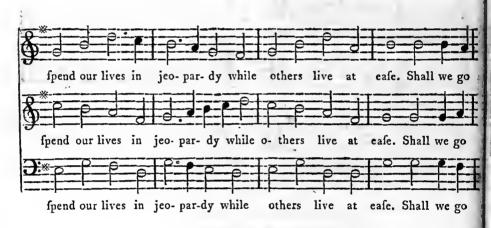
In murmurs smooth along;
Her pipe which once she tun'd so sweet
Had now forgot its song.
No more to charm the vale she tries,
For grief has fill'd her breast;
Fled are the joys she used to prize
And sled with them her rest.
Poor hapless maid, who can behold
Thy anguish so severe,
Or hear thy love-lorn story told
Without a pitying tear?
Maria, hapless maid, adieu!
Thy forrows soon must cease;
Soon heav'n will take a maid so true
To everlasting peace.

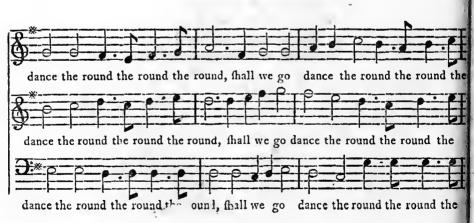
The brook flow'd gently at her feet

#### SONG XVIII.

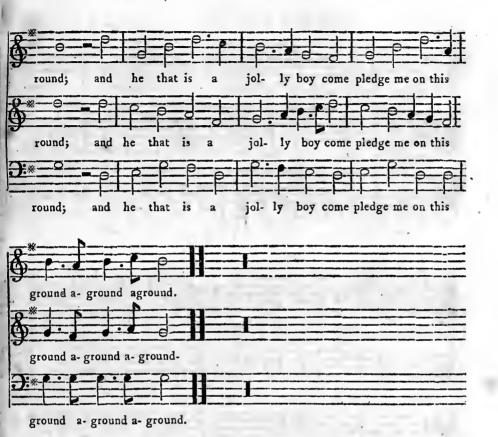
#### THE MARINERS. A GLEE.





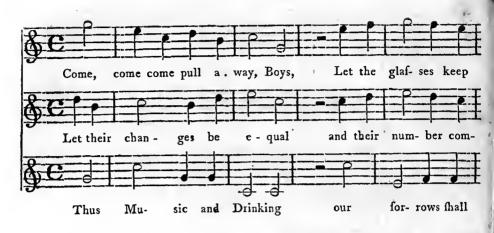


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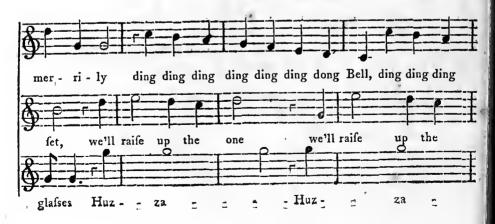


We care not for those martial men
That do our states disdain,
But we care for those Merchant men
That do our states maintain;
To them we dance this round &c.

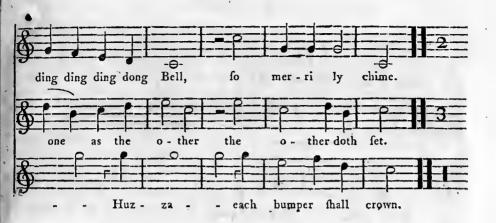
#### A CATCH.







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### SONG XX.

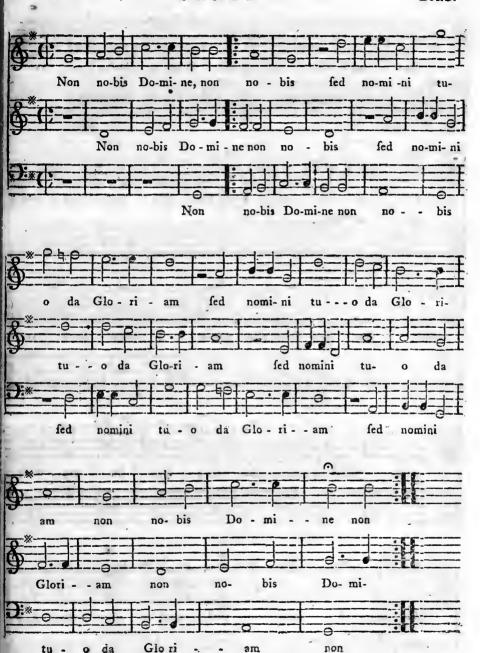




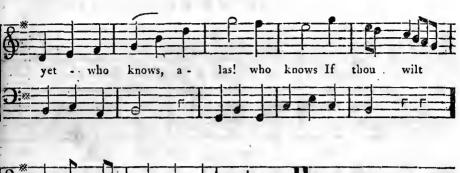
For alas! the gentle knot
So foftly that did bind
My Emma and her fwain,
Cruel death has now untwin'd.
Her head with half-clos'd eyes
Bends upon her breaft of fnow;
Cold and faded are those cheeks
That wont with red to glow.

That breath'd the founds of love;
And lifeless are those limbs,
That with such grace did move:
And I of bliss bereft,
Lone and sad must ever moan;
Dead to all the world can give,
Alive to grief alone.

Mute is that harmonious voice,









Along the folitary shore
I'll wander, pensive and alone;
And wild re-echoing rocks implore
To tell me where my nymph is gone.
From early morn to evining's close
My voice shall ceaseless call on thee;
And yet who knows, alas! who knows
If thou wilt e'er remember me!

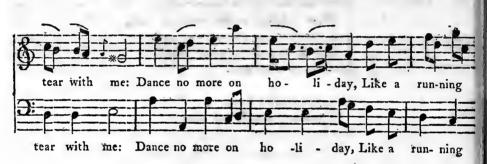
Oft times I shall to meads and bow'rs,
To groves, my former haunts, repair;
Delightful haunts, where once my hours
Glided in joy, for thou wert there.
There slows the fountain, will I cry,
Where, blushing, scornful she would stand;
Then look with softly pitying eye,
And let me seize her yielding hand.

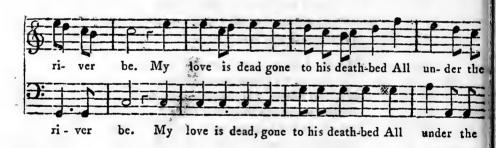
O think what fweet tormenting smart
Thy poor forlorn Fileno proves!
O think how faithful is his heart
Who has no hope, yet hopeless loves!
Think on the silent sad farewell
Of him, divided far from thee;
O think! yet who alas! can tell
If thou wilt e'er remember me.

### SONG XXIV.

### O SING UNTO MY ROUNDELAY.









### CONTINUED.



Black his hair as the winter night,
White his skin as the mountain fnow,
Red his cheek as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead &c.

#### SONG XXV.

#### THE BONNY LASS IN YON TOWN.





The fun blinks blyth on yon town,
Amang the broomy braes fae green;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest pleasure is my Jean:
Without my fair not a' the charms,
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky;

My cave wad be a lover's bow'r,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little slower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.
Chorus.

O sweet is the in yon town, The finking Sun's gane down upon; A fairer than's in yon town, His setting beam near shone upon.

### THE COTTAGE MAID.

PLETEL





G

### CONTINUED



Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing fad with pearly tears;
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green;
See from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's fweet hope within me dies;
For O dear Henry thou'st betray'd
Thy love with thy poor Cottage-maid.

#### SONG XXVII.

### JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.



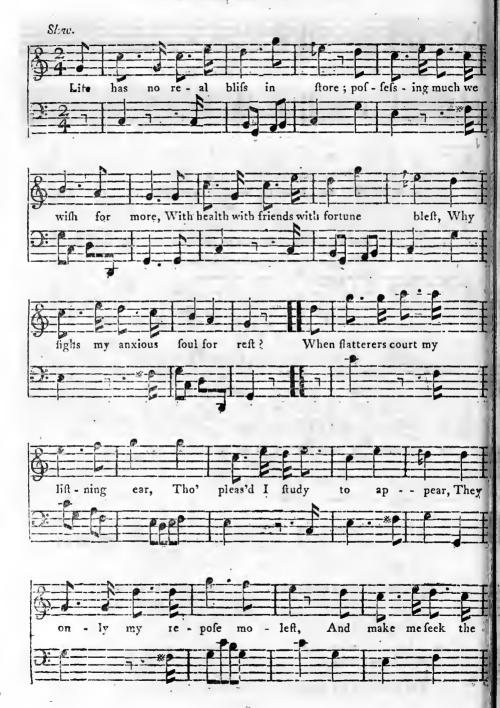
John Anderson my jo John, when we were first acquaint, Your locks were like the raven John, your bonny brow was brent; But now ye've turned bald John, your locks are like the snow, My blessings on that frosty pow, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo John, we've seen our bairns bairns, And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms; And sae are ye in mine John, I'm sure ye'll no say no, 'Tho' the days are past, that we have seen, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo John, we've climb'd the hill the gither, And mony a canty day John, we've had wi' ane anither; Now we maun totter down John, but, hand in hand we'll go And we'll rest the gither at the soot, John Anderson my jo,

### SONG XXVIII.

## LIFE HAS NO REAL BLISS.





#### II.

But why, whenever Damon's near, This anxious hope, this pleafing fear? 'Tis only friendship sills my breast; And friendship ne'er was soe to rest.

To that his wishes seem'd to tend, He only askt the name of friend; But tho' by looks his slame I guest, Could looks alone have hurt my rest?

#### III.

He ne'er has fought a studied strain, In broken words he spoke his pain; Alas! so much those words express, I fear 'tis they have sol'n my rest.

But if superior to disguise, His soul is pictur'd in his eyes; Of Damon's heart when quite possess, I soon shall find my wonted rest.

### SONG XXIX.

### A SHEPHERD ONCE HAD LOST HIS LOVE.



### CONTINUED.



In vain this bird did strain her throat;

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

In vain she varied oft her note;

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

In vain she varied oft her note;

The foolish shepherd wander'd on,

The fair one rose and soon was gone.

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

At last the bird did to him say,
Fal, lal, lal, &c.

If you will not when you may,
Fal, lal, lal, &c.

If you will not when you may,
Oh when you will you shall have nay:
The little bird then sew away.
Fal, lal, lal, &c.

#### SONG XXX:

#### WE BE SOLDIERS THREE.



Here good fellow I drink to thee; Pardonnez &c. To all good fellows wherever they be;

With never &c.

And he that will not pledge me in this, Pardonnez &c. Pays for the shot whatever it is,

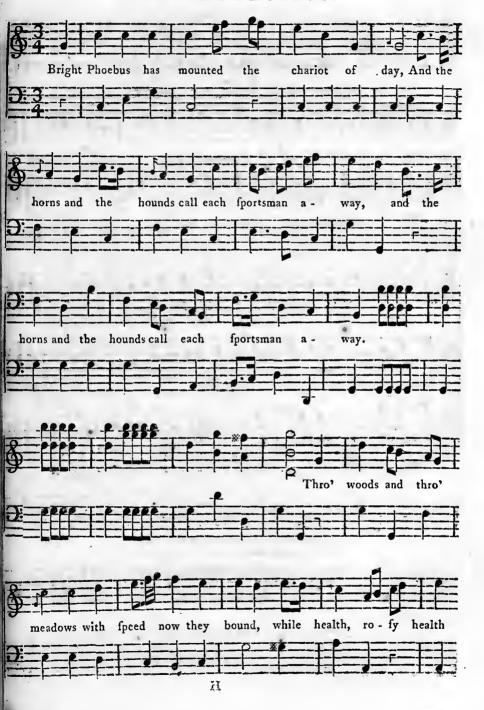
With never &c.

Charge it again Boys charge it again, Pardonnez &c. As long as there is any ink in my pen,

With never &c.

#### S O N G XXXI.

#### BRIGHT PHOEBUS.







Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While Puss slies the covert and dogs swift pursue.
Behold where she scours o'er the wide-spreading plain,
While the loud sounding pack pursues her amain.
Hark away, &c.

At length Puss is caught and now sighs her last breath,
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for death;
No joys can delight like the sports of the field;
To hunting all passimes and pleasures must yield.
Hark away, &c.

### SONG XXXII.

#### YE BIRDS FOR WHOM I REAR'D.











Ye flowers! which early spring supplies, Display at once your brightest dyes; That she your op'ning charms may see, Or what were else your charms to me.

Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd, If e'er your native sounds improv'd; May each soft murmur sooth my Fair, Or sure 'twill deepen my despair.

#### A SUP OF GOOD WHISKEY.





Some Preachers will tell you to drink is bad, I think so too — if there's none to be had: The Swadler will bid you drink none at all, But while I can get it, a fig for them all,

Both Layman and Brother, In spite of this Pother, Will all take a Sup in their Turn.

Some Doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health, And Justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth, Physicians and Lawyers will all agree, When your money's all gone, they can get no see;

Yet Surgeon and Doctor, And Lawyer and Proctor, Will all take a Sup in their Turn.

The Turks, who arriv'd from the Port sublime, They told us that drinking was held a great crime; Yet after their Dinner, away they slunk, And tippled their wine, 'till they got quite drunk.

The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
They all take a Sup in their Turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain, By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the Vain; Yet, some of the Broadbrims will get to the stuff, And tipple away 'till they've tippled enough.

For Stiff rump and Steady, And Solomon's Lady, Would all take a Sup in their Turn.

The Germans will say they can drink the most, The French and Italians will also boast, Hibernia's the country, for all their noise, For generous drinking and hearty Boys;

There each jovial Fellow,
Will drink till he's mellow,
And take off his Glass in his Turn.

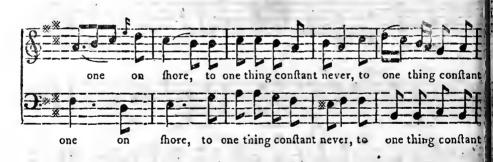
### SIGH NO MORE LADIES.

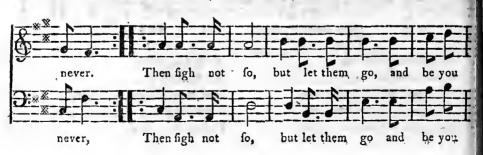
STEVENS.



Sigh no more La-dies, ladies figh no more, men were deceivers





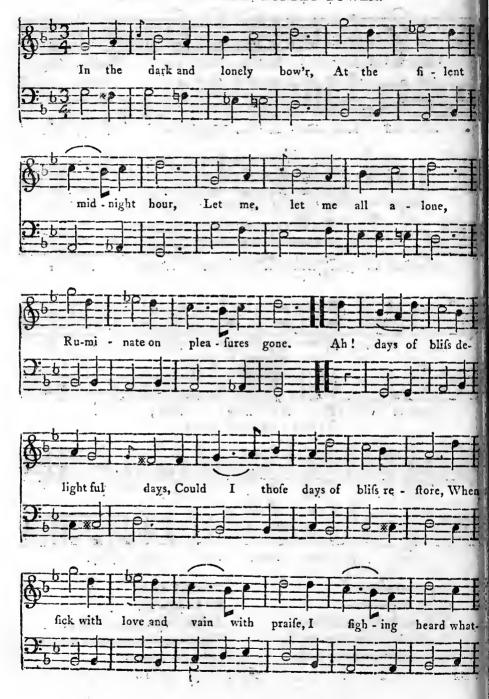


### CONTINUED.



Sing no more ditties, Ladies, fing no more Of dumps fo dull and heavy; The frauds of men were ever fo, Since summer trees were leafy. Then figh not fo,
But let them go,
And be you blyth and bonny;
Converting all your founds of woe
To hey nony nony.

# IN THE DARK AND LONELY BOWER.





Sadly folemn be the strain;
Suited to a heart in pain;
Mirth and pleasure I forego,
Welcome forrow, welcome was:
Too long in folly's court I stray'd,
A fond and witless maid I ween;
Ah faithless swain! how oft he faid,
No nymph so fair he e'er had seen.

Reauty fades, and youth retires, And mirth's airy train expires, Wiping tears from pity's eye, Waiting loves are hovering nigh: Let virgin-hands fresh slow'rs supply, To strew a hapless virgin's bier; Ah perjur'd swain! Can you deny To drop a sad relenting tear!

#### SONG XXXVI.

#### TIBBIE FOWLER.



Ten cam' east and ten came west,
Ten came rowin o'er the water;
Twa came down the lang dyke side,
There's twa and thirty wooin at her.
Wooin at her &c.

There's feven but, and feven ben, Seven in the pantry wi' her; Twenty head about the door, There's ane and forty wooin at her. Wooin at her &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs, Cockle shells wad set her better; High heel'd shoon and siller tags, And a' the lads are wooin at her. Wooin at her &cc.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
An she hae the name o' siller;
Set her upo' Tintock-tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.
Wooin at her &c.

Be a lasse e'er sae fair,

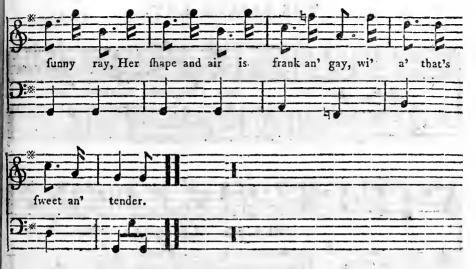
An she want the penny siller;

A slie may fell her in the air,

Before a man be even'd till her,

Wooin at her &c.





II.

While lavrocks fing their chearfu' lays, An' shepherds brush the dewy bracs, To meet wi' Mary's bonny face,

Amang the shades I wander.
My captive breast, (by fancy led)
Adores the sweet the lovely maid,
We ilka smile and charm array'd,

To make a heart furrender.

I love her mair than bees do flow'rs,
Or birks the spreading leafy bow'rs;
Her presence yields me what the show'rs,
To hills and valleys render.

III.

Cou'd I obtain my charmer's love,
Mair stable than a rock I'd prove;
Wi' a' the meekness of a dove,
To ilka plcasure hand her:
If she wad like a shepherd lad,
I'd change my cane for crook an' plaid,
Upon the hill tune up the reed,
An' wi' a sang commend her.
For her I'd live a life remote,
Wi' her I'd love a rustic cott.

There bless kind fortune for my lot, And ilka comfort lend her.

# SONG XXXVIII.

# THE SAILOR BOY.





II.

Father he apprentic'd me All to a Coasting Ship, I b'ing resov'd d'ye see, To give 'em\_all the ship, I got to Yarmouth Fair, Where I had been before, So Father sound me there, A Capering a shore.

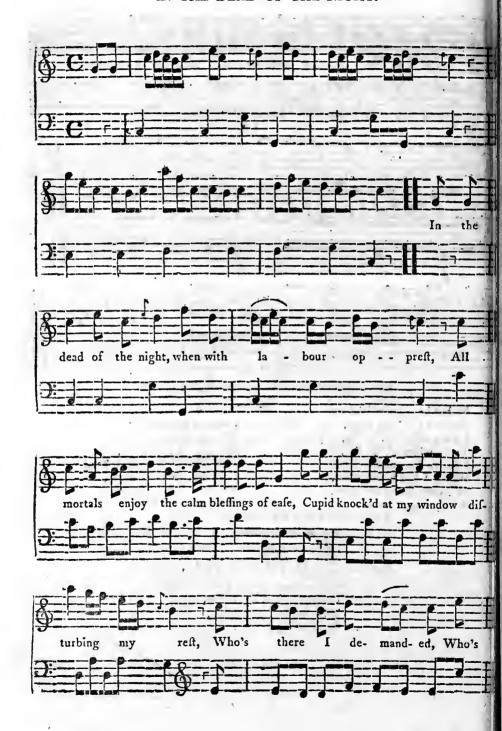
III.

Next out to India,
I went a Guinea Pig,'
We got to table Bay,
But mind a pretty rig,
The Ship driving out to Sea,
Left me and many more,
Among the Hottenpots
A Capering a shore.

IV.

I loves a bit of Hop, Life's ne'er the worfer for't, If in my wake hou'd drop, A Fiddle, "that's your fort;" Thrice tumble up a hoy Once get the labour o'er, Then fee the Sailor Boy, A Capering a shore.

#### IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.





#### II.

He answer'd so meekly, so modest and mild, Dear Ma'am it is I, an unfortunate child; 'Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin, And I have lost my way Ma'am, so pray let me in.

#### HI.

No fooner from cold and from wet he got eafe, Than taking his bow, he faid, Ma'am if you pleafe, If you pleafe, Ma'am faid he, from experience I'd know, If the rain has not damaged the string of my bow.

#### IV.

Away trip'd the urchin, as brisk as a bee, And laughing, I wish you much joy Ma'am, said he, My bow is not damaged, nor yet is my dart, But you will have trouble in bearing the smart.

### THE GARRETEER.



#### CONTINUED.

No wrangling mobs, thus heard from far, Difturb his tranquil foul: The rattling coach, and rumbling car, Like diftant thunders roll.

Proud as a fultan on his throne,
His vaffals at his feet:
Above the world, the bard looks down,
On all that man thinks great.

Whilst dust or smoke beneath him rolls,
He snuffs th' ætherial breeze;
And broils his steak upon the coals,
Or calmly toasts his cheese.

The spider in the bard's blest dome,
His web with safety hides;
Where mops or brooms dare never come,
"That come to all" besides.

The wheezing dun, one flight of stairs,
Who mounts to seize his prey,
To storm his citadel despairs,
And growling turns away.

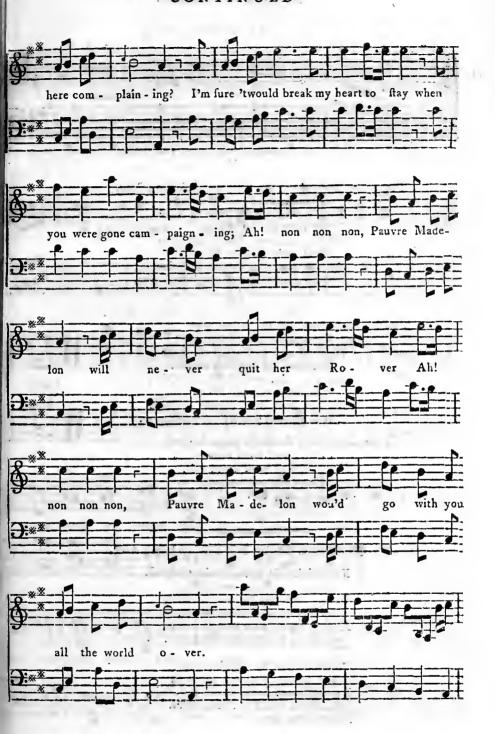
The Cambrian thus on Penmanmoor, Or Snowdon's lofty side, Amidst his craggy rocks secure, The Roman power defy'd.

#### SONG XLL

#### PAUVRE MADELON.



#### CONTINUED.





II.

Soldier.—Cheer cheer, my love, you shall not grieve,
A Soldier true you'll find me;
I cou'd not have the heart to leave
My little girl behind me.
Ah non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Shall never quit her Rover;
Ah non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Shall go with me all the world over,

III.

Madelon.—And can you to the battle go
To womens' fears a stranger?
No fears my breast will ever know
But when my love's in danger.
Ah, non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Will never quit her Rover;
Ah, non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Will go with you all the world over.

Duet.—Then let the world jog as it will,
Let hollow friends forfake us;
We both shall be as happy still,
As love and war can make us.
Ah, non, non, &c.

### OTHER WORDS TO THE SAME AIR.

From night till morn, I take my glass,
In hopes to forget my Chloe;
But as I take the pleasing draught,
She's ne'er the less before me.
Ah, no, no, no, wine cannot cure
The pain I endure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew to ease the smart
Her beauteous charms created;
But wine more firmly bound the chain,
And love would not be cheated.
Ah, no, no, &c.

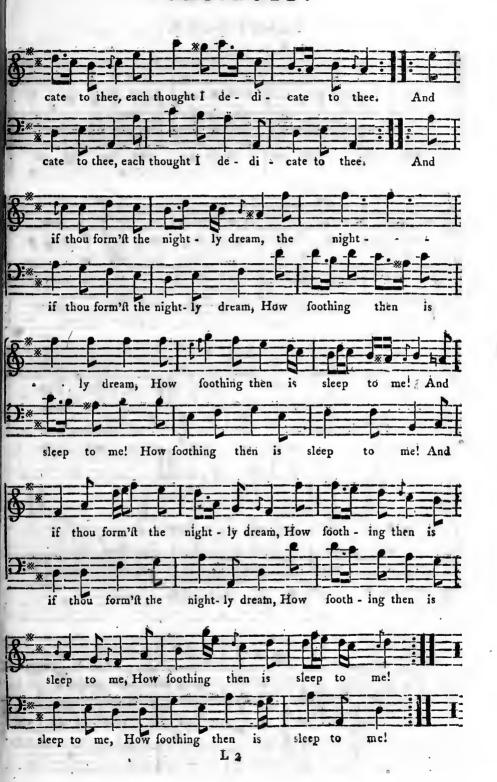
### SONG XLII.

### TELL ME THOU DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.



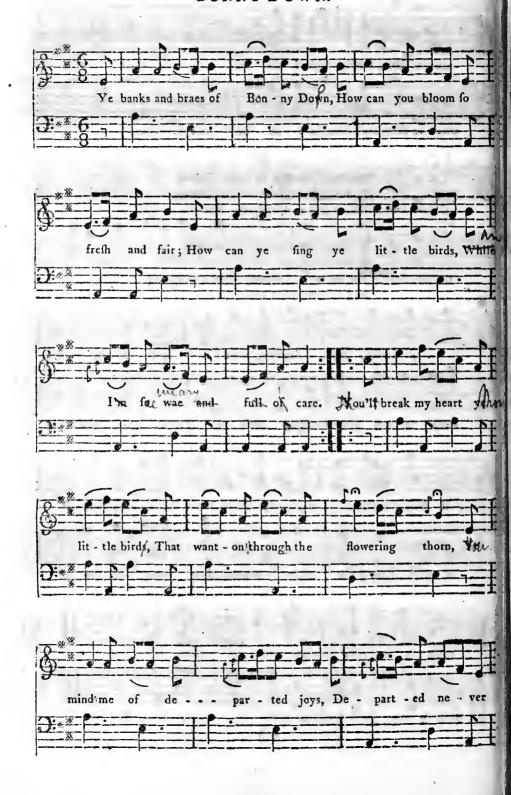


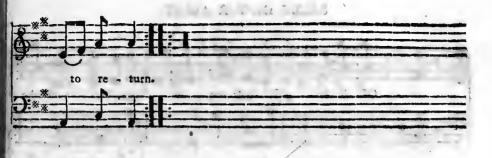
#### CONTINUED.



### SONG XLIII!

#### BONNY DOWN.





II,

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Down, To see the rose and woodbing twine,
Where ilka bird, sung ofer its note,
And chearfully I join'd with mine.
We heartsom give I pull'd a rose,
A rose out of you thorny free:
But my false laye has stol'n the rose,
And lest the thorn behind to me.

### SONG XLIV.

#### SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.



II.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And thro' the streets does cry 'cm;
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em:
But by such solks was never bred,
So sweet a girl as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

#### III.

Of all the days that's in the week,

I dearly love but one day;

And that's the day, that comes betwixt,

The Saturday and Monday:

For then I'm drest in all my best,

To walk abroad with Sally;

She is &cc-

#### IV.

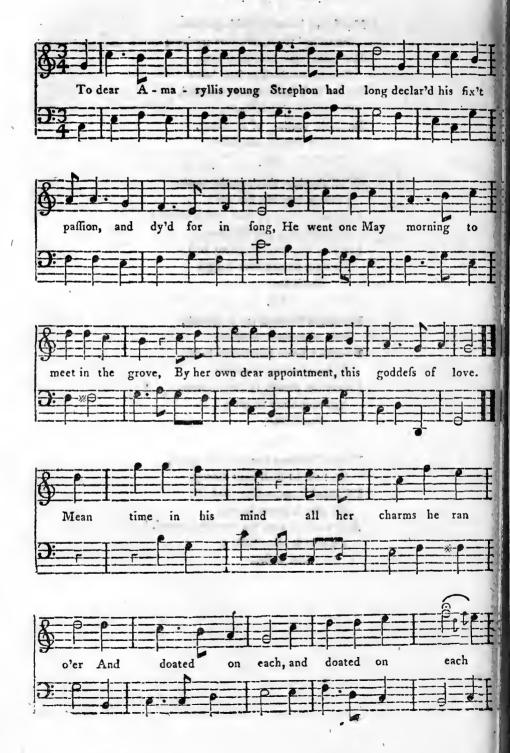
My master he takes me to church,
And often am I blamed;
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is &c.,

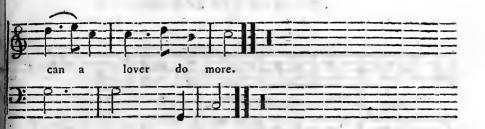
#### v.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh! then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey;
And wou'd it were ten thousand pounds!
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is &c.

#### SONG XLV.

# FICKLE STREPHON.





He waited and waited; then changing his strain 'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain! The sun was commanded to hide his dull light, And the whole course of nature was alter'd downright, 'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore, But aever to change—can a lover do more?

Cleora, it happ'd came by accident there,
No rose-bud so tempting, no sily so fair;
He pres'd her white hand-next her lips he essay'd,
Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid!
Her kindly compliance his peace did restore;
And dear Amaryllis—was thought of no more.

### SONG XLVI.

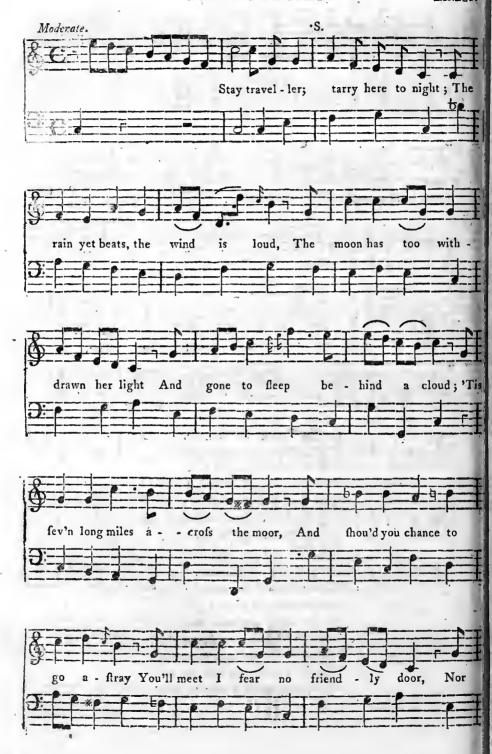
# NIGHT TO LOVERS JOYS A FRIEND.





See the hateful day is gone, Welcome evining now comes on; Soon to meet my dear I fly, None but Love shall then be by; None shall dare to venture near, To tell the plighted vows they hear; Parting thence will be the pain, But we'll part to meet again. Farewell loitring idle day! To my fwain I hie away, On the wings of Love I go, He the ready way will shew. Peace, my breast, nor danger fear, Love and Thyrsis both are near; 'Tis the youth! I'm fure 'tis he! Night, how much I owe to thee!

M 2



## CONTINUED.



Come dearest Kate, our meal prepare,
This stranger shall partake our best;
A cake and rasher be his fare,
With ale that makes the weary blest.

Approach the hearth, there take a place, And till the hour of rest draws nigh, Of Robin-Hood and Chevy-Chace We'll sing; then to our pallets hie;



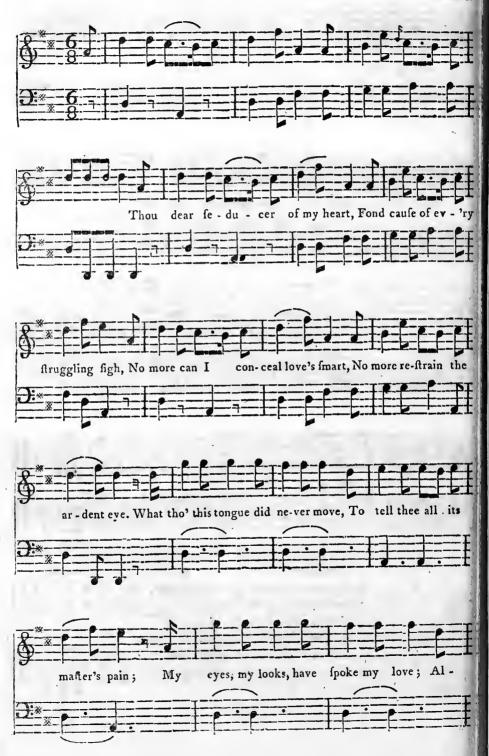
## SONG XLVIII.

### SOMEBODY.

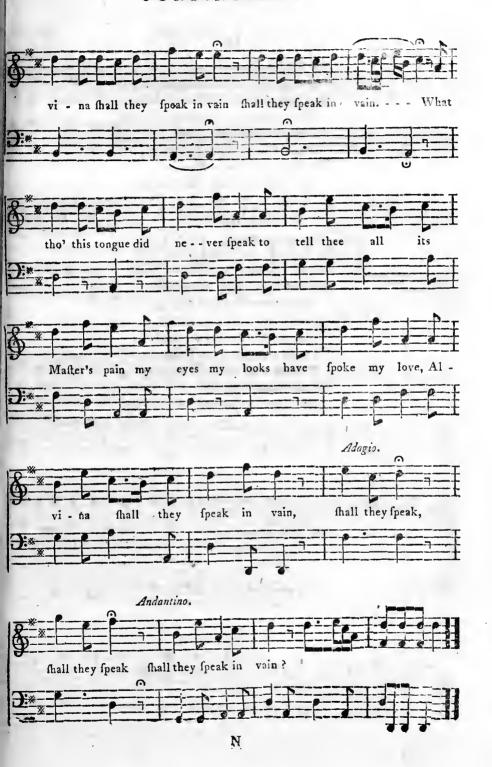




Ah! should my chaste love meet return, I'd bless the day that I was born; And never more would sigh forlorn, But live to look at Somebody. With him I'd tend my sleecy care, With him each anxious wish I'd share, And only ask that I might bear The name of my dear Somebody.



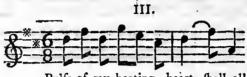
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II.

For still imagination warm,

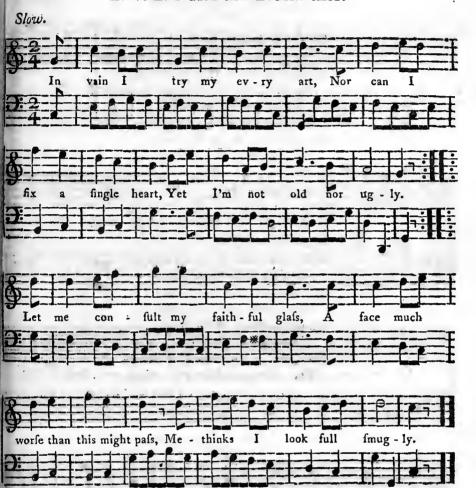
Presents thee at the noontide beam;
And sleep gives back thy angel form,
To class thee in the midnight dream,
Alvina, tho' no splendid store
Of riches more than merit move;
Yet charmer, I am far from poor,
For I am more than rich in love,



Pulse of my beating heart, shall all
My gay seducive hopes be sled,
Unheeded wilt thou hear me fall,
Unpitied wilt thou see me dead?
I'll make a cradle of this breast,
Thy image all its Child shall be;
My throbbing heart shall rock to rest,
The cares that waste my life and me.

## SONG L

### IN VAIN I TRY MY EVERY ART.



Yet bles'd with all these powerful charms,
The young Philemon sled my arms,
That wild unthinking rover;
Hope, silly maids, as soon to bind
The rolling stream, the slying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.
But hamper'd in the marriage noose,
In vain they struggle to get loose.
And make a mighty riot:
Like madmen how they rave and stare!
A while they shake their chains and swear;
And then lie down in quiet,





#### II.

A hungry wolf did tow'rd him leap,
Fa la lanky down dilly,
But he'd rather met with a fcore of sheep,
Fa la lanky down dilly:
Then he ran so fast that his sword did drop,
And he scorn'd to turn back to pick it up,
Fa la &c.

### III.

Then there came whistling down the plain,
Fa la &c.
A surly sturdy dauntless swain,
Fa la &c.
Mean while the knight ran up a tree,
That if they should fight he the combat might see,
Fa la &c.

### IV.

Oh then began a bloody fray,
Fa la &c,
As the knight durst not fight, he resolv'd to pray,
Fa la &c.
But had you beheld Sir Eglamore,
When as he heard the savage roar,
Fa la &c.

#### V.

The peafant did his ribs fo roast,

Fa la &c,

That master wolf gave up the ghost,

Fa la &c.

So when Sir Knight saw the monster dead,

His courage return'd and he cut off his head,

Fa la &c.





II.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear To vex with shrieks this quiet grove; But shepherd lads assemble here, And melting virgins own their love.

#### III.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen; No goblins lead their nightly crew, The semale says shall haunt the green; And dress thy grave with early dew.

#### IV.

The redbreast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowr's
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

#### V.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempest shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chace upon the plain
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

#### VI.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed,
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead,

## SONG LIII.

## GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.



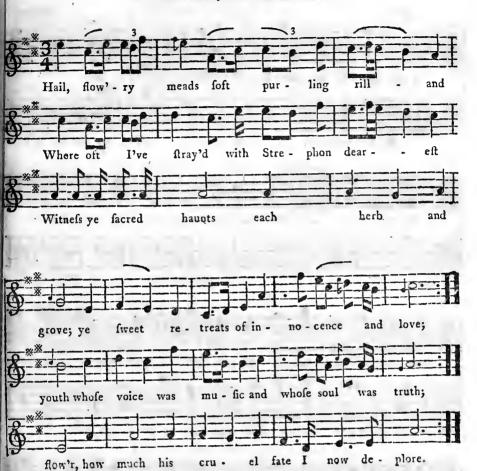
Gio a body meet a body coming thro' the broom,
Gin a body kiss a body need a body gloom?

Ilka Jenny has her Jocky, ne'er a ane ha'e I,
But a' the lads they loe me weel, and what the deuce care I;

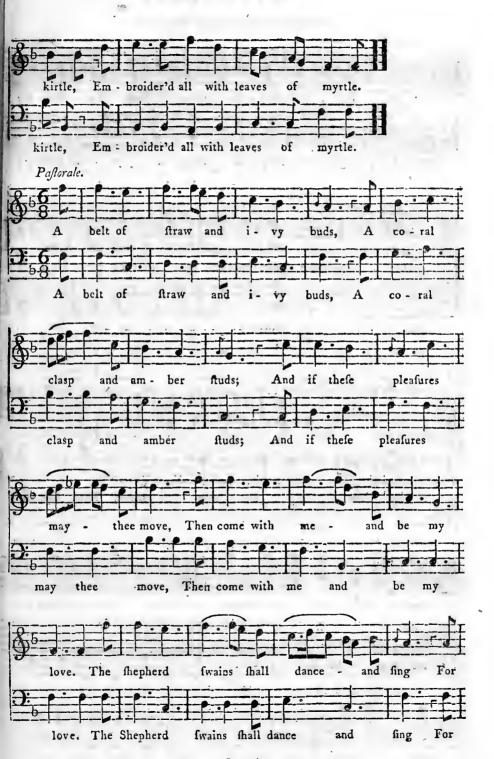
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# SONG LIV.

## A CATCH; For three voices.







## CONTINUED;









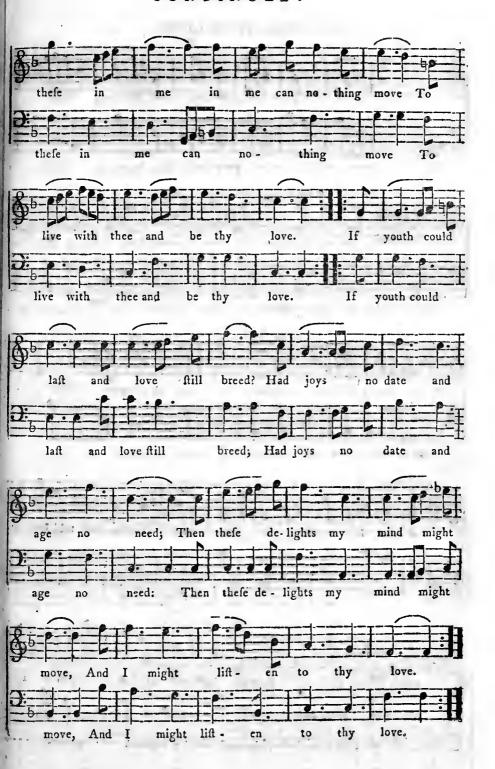
## SONG LVI.

# THE ANSWER TO "COME LIVE WITH ME."





## CONTINUED.



### SONG LVII.

THE POOR LITTLE GIPSEY.



### CONTINUED.



I fear from this line you have been a fad man,
And to harm us poor girls have form'd many a plan;
Beware lest repentance too late cause you pain,
And attend to the lesson I give in my strain.

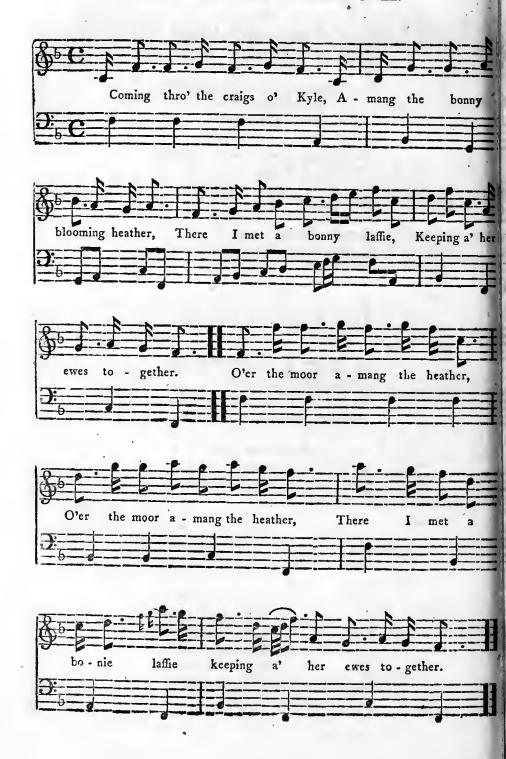
Space a &c.

Thro' wilds and thro' forests as wearied I roam,
Long absent from friends, from parents and home,
Tho' sad is my heart and tho' fore are my feet,
Yet I sing on my way thus to all that I meet,
Spare a &c.

P

# SONG LVIII.

# COMING THRO' THE CRAIGS O' KYLE.



II.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame, In moor or dale, pray tell me whether, She fays I tent the fleecy flocks That feed among the blooming heather.

O'er the moor &c.
O'er the moor &c.
She says I tent the sleecy slocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.

III.

We fat us down upon a bank, Sae warm and funny was the weather, She left her flocks at large to rove Amang the bonny blooming heather,

O'er the moor &c.
O'er the moor &c.
She left her flocks at large to rove,
Amang the bonny blooming heather.

IV.

She charm'd my heart and ay finfyne I can ua think on any ither,
By fea and sky she shall be mine,
The bonny lass amang the heather.

O'er the moor &c.
O'er the moor &c.

By sea and sky she shall be mine,
The bonny lass amang the heather.

### SONG LIX.

## SHE CAME FROM THE HILLS.





Her dress was a garment of green,
Set off with a border of white;
And all the day long might be seen
Like a bird that is always in plight.
In rural diversion and play
The Summers glid smoothly along;
And her winters pass'd briskly away,
Cheer'd up with a tale or a song.

#### III.

At length a destroyer came by,
A youth of more person than parts,
Well skill'd in the arts of the eye,
The conquest and havock of hearts.
He led her by fountains and streams,
He woo'd her with sonnets and books;
He told her his tales and his dreams,
And mark'd their effect in her looks.

### IV.

He taught her by midnight to roam
Where spirits and spectres affright;
For passions increase with the gloom,
And caution expires with the light.
At length, like a Rose from the spray,
Like a lily just pluckt from the stem,
She droopt, and she faded away,
Thrown by and neglected like them.

## SONG LX.

## YESTERDAY.



## CONTINUED.



Jocund sprites' of social joy, Round our smiling goblet play; Flit ye pow'rs of rude annoy, Like the ghost of Yesterday.

Brim the bowl, and pass it round Lightly tune the sportive lay; Let the festal hour be crown'd E'er'tis lost like Yesterday.

## SONG LXI.

# HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.



When I think on the happy days,
I spent wi' you my Dearie;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!
And now what lands &c.

How flow ye move ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary,
It was na fae ye glented by,
When I was wi' my Dearie.
It was na fae ye glented, &c.

## SONG LXII.

## A CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.



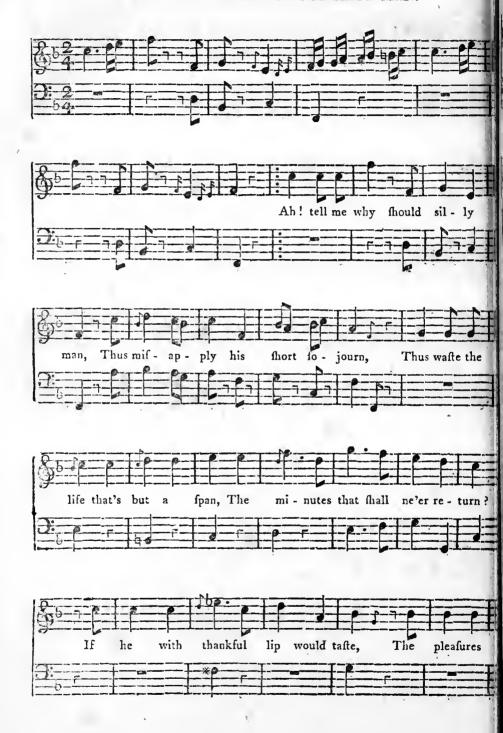
fnare.

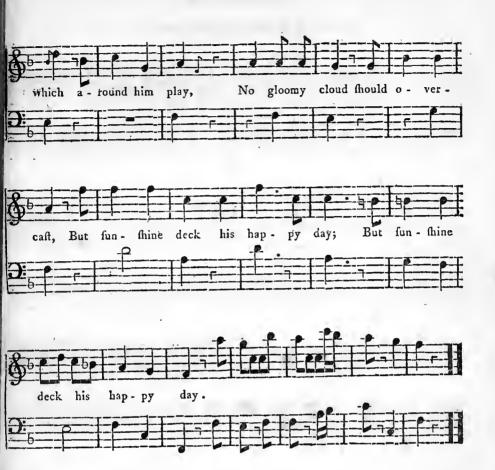
fnare

nor youth

## SONG LXIII.

# AH TELL ME WHY SHOULD SILLY MAN.





'Tis not the biting wintry blast,

'Tis not the scorching summer sky,

'Tis not the coast on which he's cast,

Or where he's born or where shall die:

No — independent quite of these,

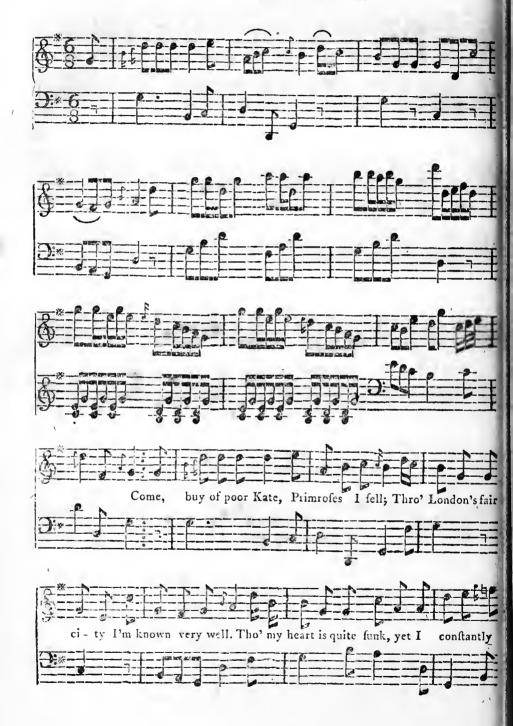
The joys or anguish he must find;

No sun can scorch, no frost can freeze

The joys of a contented mind.

### SONG LXIV.

## THE PRIMROSE GIRL.



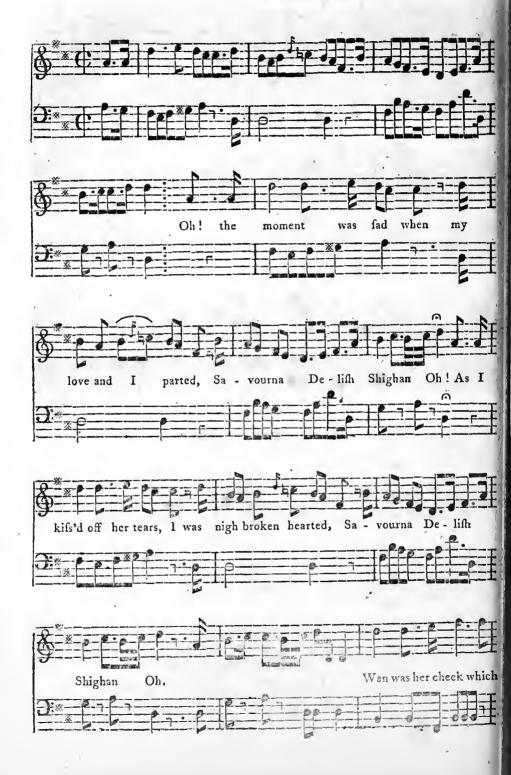


My friends are all dead, I'm look'd on with scorn; Ah! better for me I had never been born: Tho' I'm poor I am honest, and oft heave the figh, While crying Primroses, who'll buy Primroses, &c.

To virtue when thus with forrow allied,
The tear of compassion will not be denied;
Then pity poor Kate who plaintively cries,
Come, who'll buy Primroses, who'll buy Primroses, &c.

# SONG LXV.

### SAVOURNA DELISH.





II.

When the word of command put our men into motion, Savourna &c.

I buckled my knapfack to cross the wide ocean, Savourna &c.

Brisk were our troops all roaring like thunder, Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder, My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder. Sayourna &c.

III.

Long I fought for my country far far from my true love, Savourna &c,

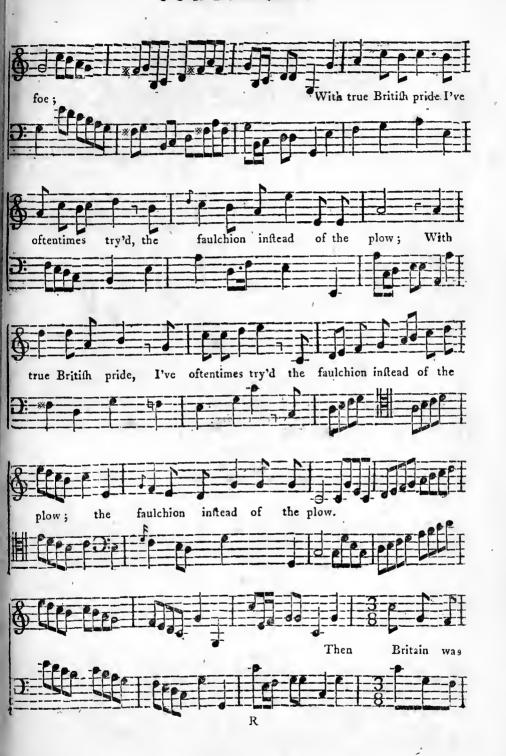
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love, Savourna &c.

Peace was proclaim'd, cfcap'd from the slaughter, Landed at home, my sweet girl, I sought her, But sorrow alas! to her cold grave had brought her, Savourna &c.

### SONG LXVL

## WHEN YOUTH'S SPRIGHTLY FLOOD.





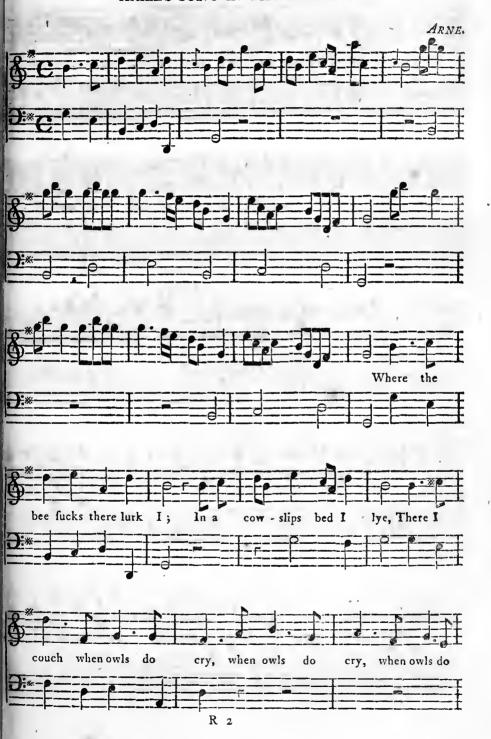
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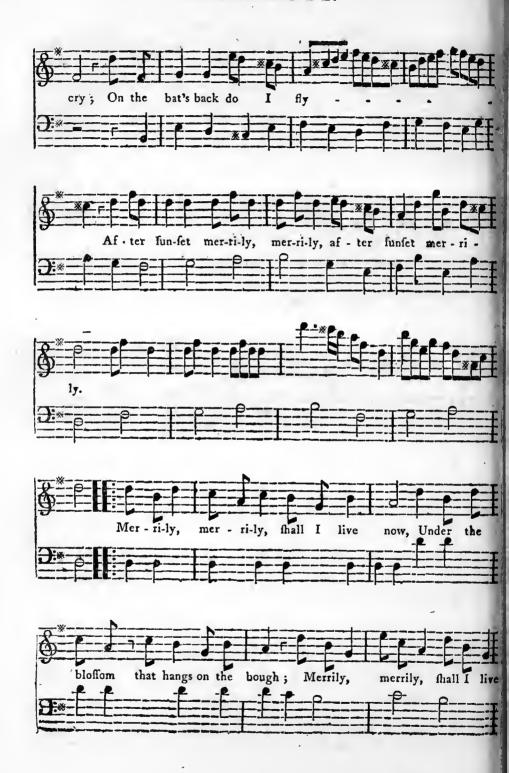


And Briton still bears,
Swains fit for her wars,
Whose hearts glow with liberty's fire;
My girls throw away,
Your fears for a day,
For beauty can valour inspire;
Till Britain is glorious,
And once more victorious.

#### SONG LXVII.

#### ARIEL'S SONG IN THE TEMPEST.



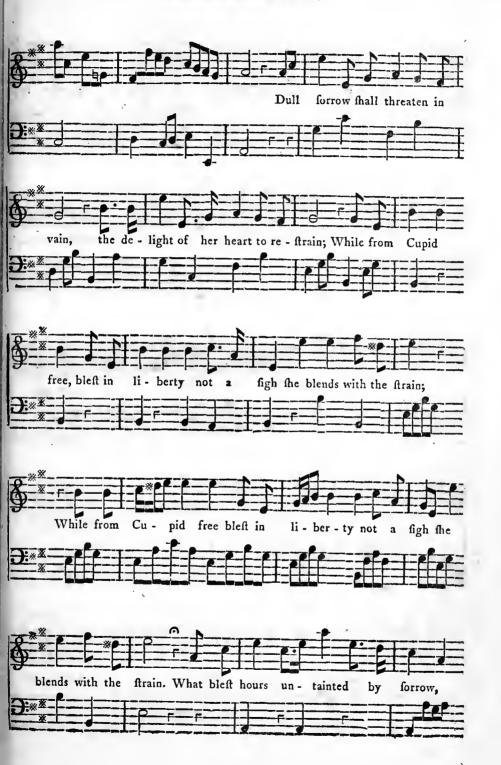




#### SONG LXVIII.

#### WHAT BLEST HOURS.





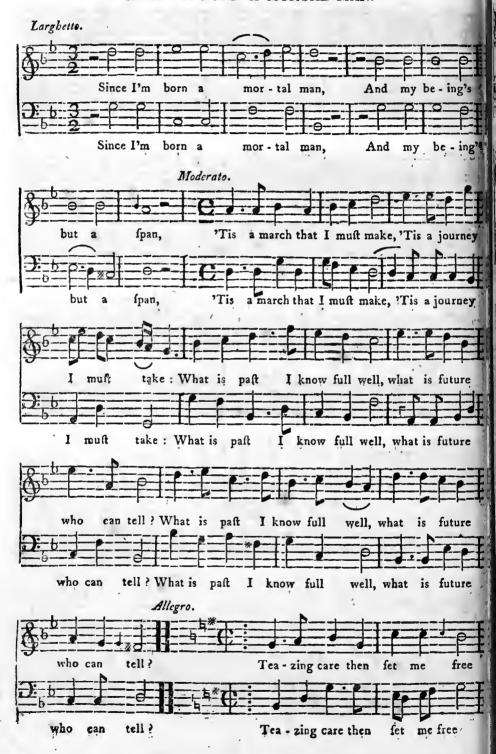
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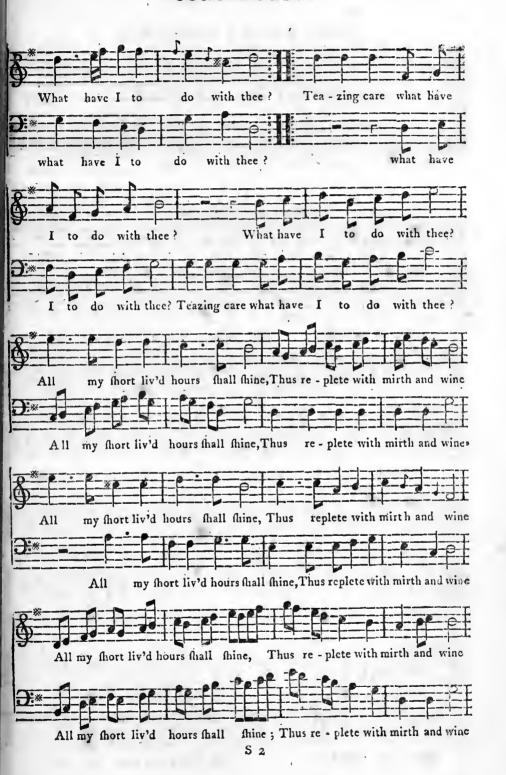




112

### SINCE I'M BORN A MORTAL MAN.







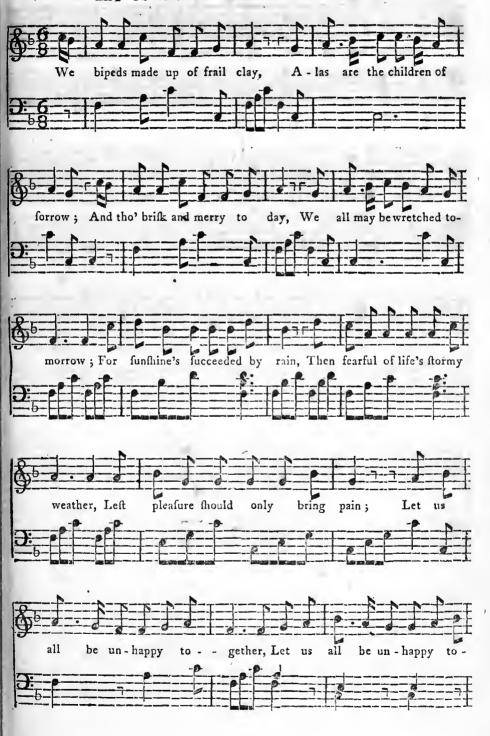
mirth

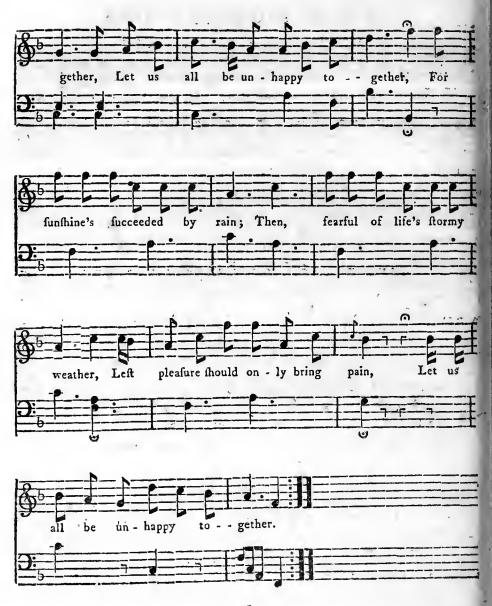
wine.

and

### SONG LXX

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY TOGETHER.





II.

I grant, the best blessing we know
Is a friend,—for true friendship's a treasure,
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure,

Thus friendship's a slimfy affair,

Thus riches and health are a bubble;

Thus there's nothing delightful but care,

Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

#### III.

If a mortal would point out that life,
That on earth could be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wise,
To whom truth and honour are given;
But honour and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
That with all my respect for the fair,
I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

#### IV.

It appears from these premises plain,
That wisdom is nothing but folly,
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy.
That all those who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving;
And that fince we must all of us die,
We should all be unhappy while living.

#### SONG LXXI.

### WHEN YOUTH HIS FAERY REIGN BEGAN.





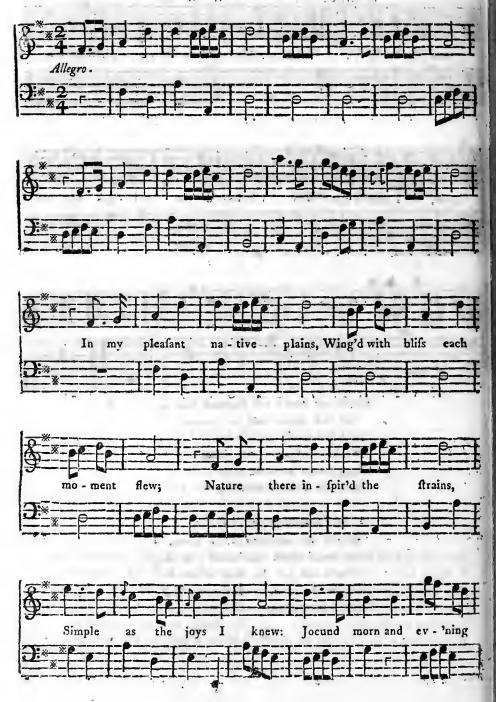
And when, along the waves of woe, My haras'd heart was doom'd to know The frantic burst of outrage keen, And the slow pang that gnaws unseen; Then shipwreck'd on life's stormy sea, I heav'd an anguish'd sigh for thee.

But foon reflection's power imprest
A stiller fadness on my breast;
And fickly hope, with waning eye,
Was well content to droop and die;
I yielded to the stern decree,
And heav'd a languid sigh for thee!

And the in distant climes to roam, A wand'rer from my native home, I fain would soothe the sense of care. And sull to sleep the joys that were! Thy image may not banish'd be, I heave a hopeles sigh for thee!

#### SONG LXXII.

### IN MY PLEASANT NATIVE PLAINS,





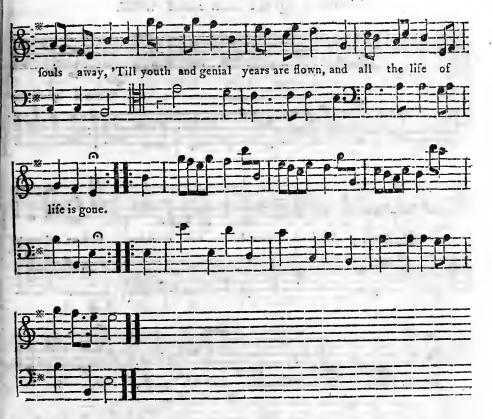
Fields and flocks and fragrant flow'rs,
All that health and joy impart,
Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,
Faithful echoes to the heart.
Happy hours for ever gay,
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,

Wak'd the warblers of the grove,
Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
Would not join the song of love?

Your sweet notes and chauntings gay
Claim'd the merry roundelay.





#### II.

But bufy bufy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle with the rude.
For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
And I absolve thy future care,
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

### SONG LXXIV.

# WHILE I QUAFF THE ROSY WINE.



## C ONTINUED:

II,

While I quaff the rosy wine, I feel I feel the pow'r divine Free me from all sorrow's sway, I puff like winds my care away.

III.

While I quaff the rosy wine,
All my faculties refine:
My temper grows serce and fair,
And like the Summer evening's air,

IV.

While I quaff the roly wine, Crowns of od'rous flow'rs I twine; Singing to the echoing grove, The pleasures of that life I love.

V.

While I quaff the roly wine,
To foft passions I incline;
My mistress then my song employs,
And all love's pleasing painful joys,

VI.

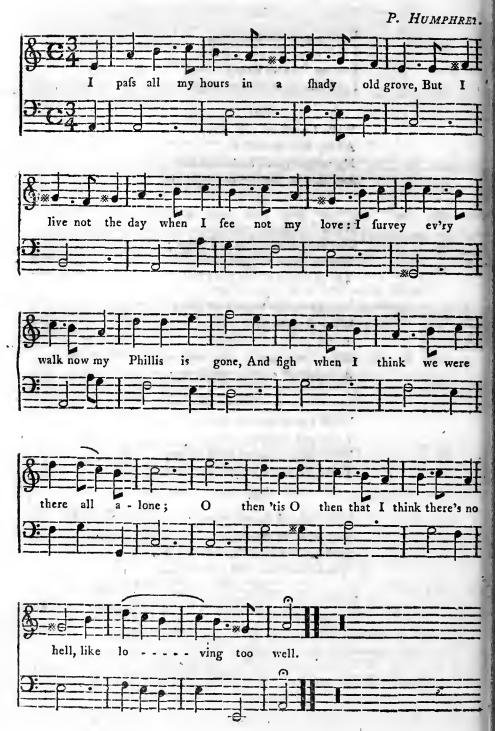
While I quaff the roly wine,
Every past delight is mine,
Youth does again my veins inspire,
I lead the dance and join the choir.

VII.

While I quast the rosy wine, I its force to reason join, And steel my breast against that sall, The common fate that waits us all,

### S, O N G LXXV.

#### THE WORDS BY CHARLES II.



But each shade and each conscious bow'r, when I find,
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind;
When I see the print left of her shape in the green,
And imagine the pleasures may yet come again;
O then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

While alone to myself I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lockt in another man's arms,
She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things she before said to me;
O then 'tis O then that I think there's no hell
Like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love to be jealous of me;
And then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

### SONG LXXVI.

### KINDROBIN LO'ES ME.





O witness ev'ry bank and brae,
Witness ye streams that thro' them play,
And ev'ry field and meadow gay,
That kind Robin lo'es me.

Tell it, ye birds! from ev'ry tree,
Breathe it, ye winds! o'er ilka lea,
Ye waves! proclaim from sea to sea,
That kind Robin lo'es me.

The winter's cot, the fummer's shield,
The freezing snaw, the flow'ry field,
Alike to me true pleasures yield,
Since kind Robin lo'es me.

For warld's gear I'll never pine,
Nor seek in gay attire to shine;
A kingdom's mine if Robin's mine,
The lad that truely lo'es me.

## SINCE EMMA CAUGHT.

TRAVERS.











Slow. westlin winds and slaughtring guns, Bring au - tumn's plea - fant er, The moorcock springs on whir - ring wings, wea - ther, The moorcock fprings on g the bloom- ing hea- ther; Now waving grain wide moon shines bright as I rove at night To muse u - pon my

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The Plover loves the mountains;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The foaring Hern the fountains;
Thro' lofty groves the Cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
The spreading thorn the Linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry
The slutt'ring gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the evining's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And eviry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly;
Not vernal show'rs to budding slow'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer!

# BENEATH THIS GREEN WILLOW.

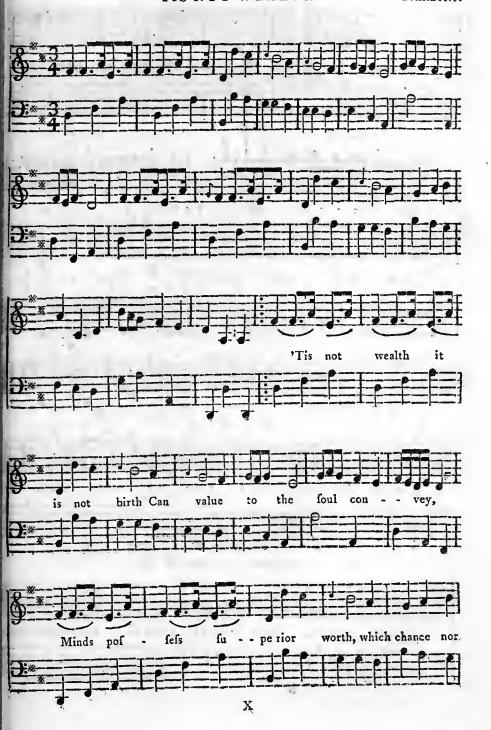
SCHULZ.



But long tempest-tost;
Now Phoebe is lost
On life's stormy billow;
I sit all alone
And make my sad moan
Ah willow!
Beneath this green willow.

#### 'TIS NOT WEALTH.

GIARDINI.











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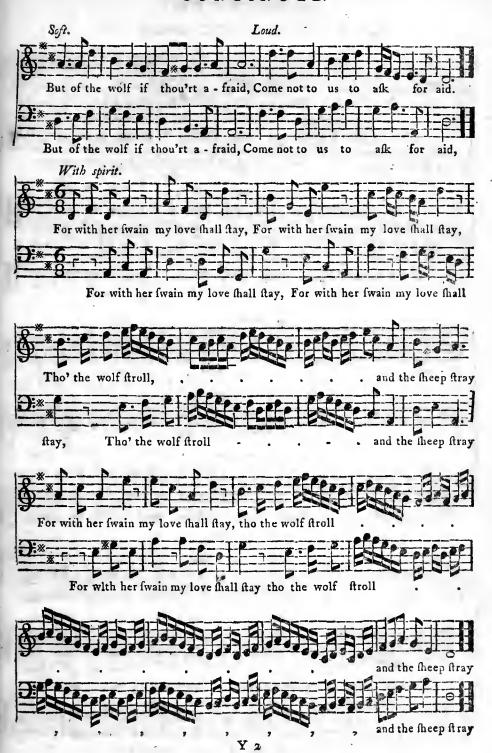












#### SONG LXXXIII.

# IF THE TREASUR'D GOLD COULD GIVE:





#### II.

But fince riches cannot fave, Mortals fram the gloomy grave, Why should I myself deceive, Vainly sigh and vainly grieve? Death will surely on my lot, Whether I am rich or not.

#### III.

Give me freely while I live, Generous wines in plenty give, Soothing joys my life to cheer, Beauty kind and friends fincere; Happy could I ever find, Friends fincere and beauty kind.

### SONG LXXXIV.

### BLOW YE BLEAK WINDS.





II.

May all the traces of our love, Be ever blotted from her mind; May from her breast my vows remove, And no remembrance leave behind; But may the maid where e'er she be, Think not of my distress nor me.

III.

O! may I ne'er behold her more; For the has robb'd my foul of rest: Wisdom's affishance is too poor, To calm the tempest in my breast; But may the maid where-e'er she be, Think not of my distress nor me.

IV.

Come death, O! come thou friendly flees.
And with my forrows lay me low:
And should the gentle virgin weep,
Nor sharp nor lesting be her woe;
But may she think where-e'er she be,
No more of my distress nor me.

#### GREEN GROW THE RASHES O.



The wardly race may riches chace
An' riches still may slie them O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O;
Green grow &c.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An wardly care, an' wardly men,
May a' gae tapsailteerie, O;
Green grow, &c

For you sae douse ye snarl at this, Ye're nought but senseles affes O: The wisest man the warld' c'er saw, He dearly loe'd the lasses O; Green grow, &c.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears, Her noblest work she classes O, Her prentice han' she try'd on man, An' then she made the lasses, O; Green grow, &c.

### SONG LXXXVI.

# MY DAYS HAVE BEEN SO WONDROUS FREE.



II.

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of fweet defire,
Are fix'd upon my thought.
An eager hope within my breaft
Does ev'ry anxious doubt controul,
And charming Celia stands confest
The fav'rite of my soul.

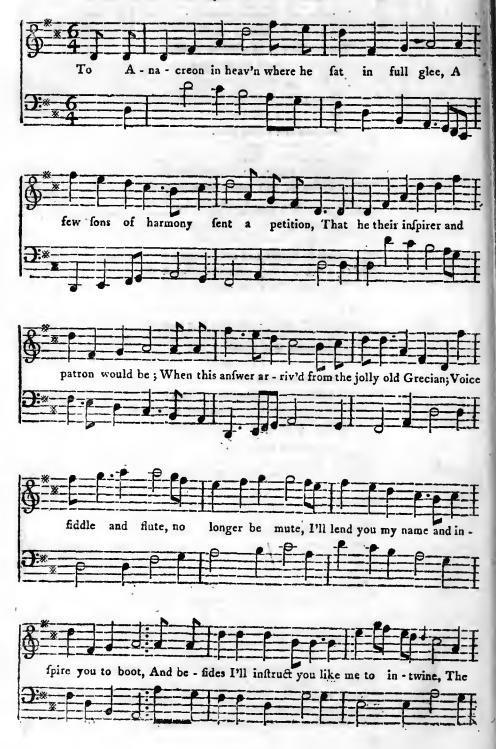
III.

Ye nightingales, ye twisted pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye close retreats of love;
With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the soft and dear design;
O, teach a young unpractif'd heart
To make fair Celia mine.

IV.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great
Unless it be for her.
'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mixt with a severe distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

# TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.





The news through Olympus immediately flew. When Old Thunder pretended to give himself airs.

"If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,

"The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

" Hark! already they cry, with transports of joy,

" Away to the fons of Anacreon we'll fly,

" And there with good fellows, we'll learn to intwine,

"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

"The yellow hair'd god and his nine fusty maids,

" From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;

" Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,

" And the bi-forked hill a mere defart will be; "My thunder no fear on't, will foon do its errand.

" And dam'me I'll swinge the ringleaders I warrant, "I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine.

"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo role up and faid, " Prytheo ne'er quarrel, "Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below; "Your thunder is useless;" then thewing his laurel, Cry'd, Sic evitabile fulmen, you know!

"Then over each head my laurels I'll fpread, " So my fons from your crackers no mischief shall dread. "Whilst snug in their club-room, they jovially twine,

"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his rifible phiz, And fwore with Apollo he'd chearfully join; " The full tide of harmony still shall be his,

" But the fong, and the catch, and the laugh shall be mine.

"Then Jove be not jealous of these honest fellows."

Cry'd Jove, " We relent, fince the truth you now tell us, " And swear by old Styx, that they long shall intwine,

"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

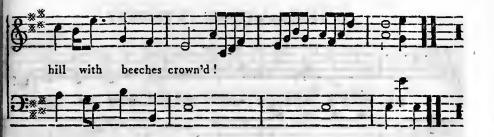
Ye fons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand; Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love; 'Tis your's to support what's fo happily plann'd; You've the fanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove. While thus we agree, our toast let it be, "May our club flourish happy, united, and free, " And long may the fons of Anacreon intwine,

"Themyrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine,"

# SONG LXXXVIII.

# HOW PLEAS'D WITHIN MY NATIVE BOW'RS.



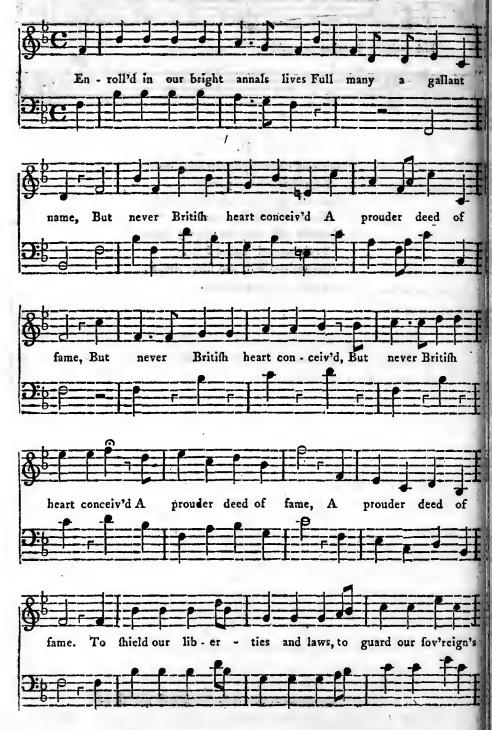


II.

But now when urg'd by tender woes,

I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.
No more since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see,
That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

### ON ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY.





II.

October the eleventh it was, he spied the Dutch at nine,
The British signal slew to break their close embattled line;
Their line was broke, for all our tars on that auspicious day
All bitter memory of the past had vowed to wipe away.

Their line was broke &c.

III.

At three o'clock nine mighty ships had struck their colours proud,
And two brave Admirals at his feet their vanquished slags had bowed:
Our Duncan's towering colours streamed all honour to the last,
For in the battles siercest rage, he nailed them to the mast;
Our Duncan's towering colours &c.

IV.

The victory was now complete; the cannon cea.'d to roar; The scatter'd remnants of the foe flunk to their native shore; No power the pride of conquest had his heart to lead astray, He summoned his triumphant crew, and thus was heard to say,

Chorus. "Let every man now bend the knee, and here in folemn pray'r,
"Give thanks to God, who in this fight has made our cause his care,

#### V.

Then on the deck, the noble field of that proud days renown,
Brave Duncan with his crew devout before their God knelt down,
And humbly blefs'd his Providence, and hail'd his guardian power,
Who valour, strength, and skill inspir'd in that dread battle's hour.
And humbly blefs'd &c.

#### VI.

The captive Dutch this folemn scene survey'd with silent awe,
And rue'd the day when Holland join'd to France's impious law,
And marked, how virtue, courage, faith, unite to form this land,
For victory, for fame, and power, just rule, and high command.
And marked &cc.

#### VII.

The Venerable was the ship, that bore his slag to same, Our veteran hero well becomes his gallant vessel's name; Behold his locks! they speak the toil of many a stormy day; For sifty years and more, my boys, has sighting been his way.

#### Grand Chorus.

Behold his locks! they speak the toil of many a stormy day, For fifty years and more my boys, has fighting been his way; The Venerable was the ship that bore his slag to same, And Venerable ever be our vet'ran Duncan's name!

# SONG XC.

#### WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.



Lassie, say thou lo'es me,
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me;
If it winna canna be,
Thou for thine may chuse me,
Let me lassie quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

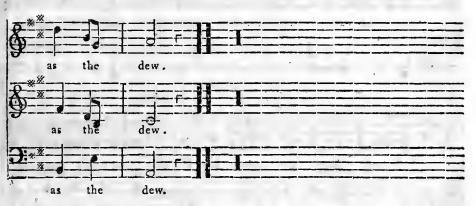
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# SONG XCL

# O YE IN YOUTH AND BEAUTY'S PRIDE,





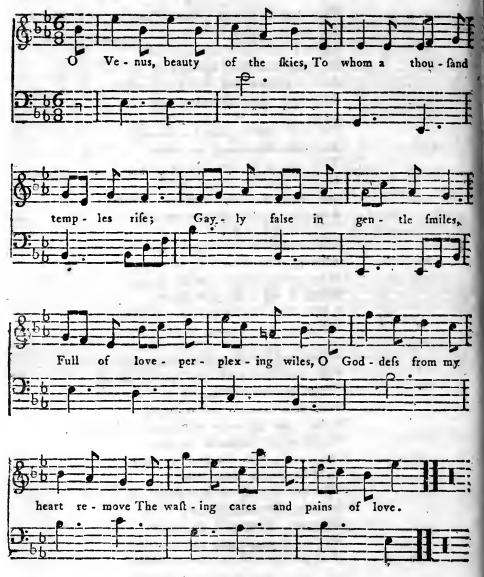


The blush that glows so gaily now,
But glows to disappear,
And quiv'ring from the bending bough,
Soon breaks the pearly tear!
So pass the beauties of your prime,
That e'en in blooming die;
So shrinking at the blast of time,
The treach'rous graces sly.

With charms that win beyond the fight,
And hold the willing heart,
O learn then to await their flight,
Nor figh when they depart;
These graces shall remain behind,
These beauties still controul,
The graces of the polish'd mind,
The beauties of the foul.

#### SONG XCII.

# SAPPHO'S HYMN TO VENUS.



If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd;
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle Goddess hear me now.
Descend thou bright immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
Thy car the wanton sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in air they lightly slew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

The birds dismist, while you remain,
Bore back their empty car again:
'Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints J made,
And why I call'd you to my aid;

What frenzy in my bosom raged,
And by what cure to be affwaged,
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure;
"Who does thy tender heart subdue,
"Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?"

- "Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms,
  "He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
  "Tho' now thy off'rings he despise,
  "He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
- "The now he freeze he foon shall burns

"And be thy victim in his turn,

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity, come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd foul relief;
Favour thy suppliant's hidden sires,
And give me all my heart desires.

# FOR TENDERNESS FORM'D.



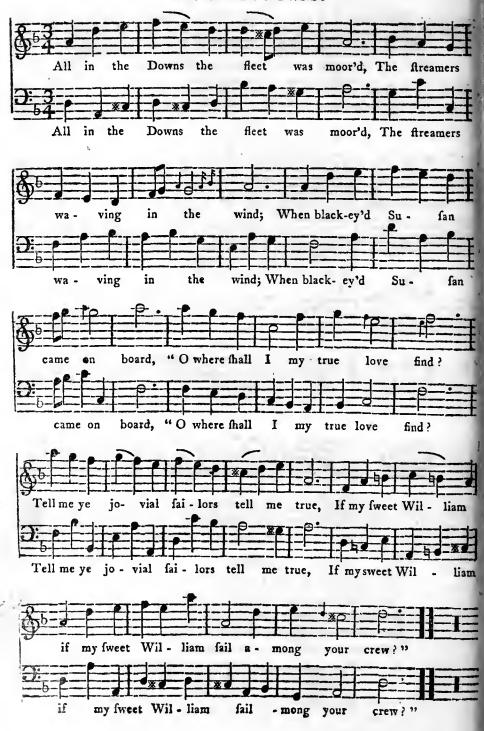


The nightingale plunder'd, the mate widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,
To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiment new,
The object still changing, the sympathy true.
Soft embers of passion, yet rest in the glow,
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know!
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the same.

Rh

# SONG XCIV.

# ALL IN THE DOWNS.



II.

William who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard
He figh'd and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swifily thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

#### III.

So the sweet lark high poil'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his Mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest Captain in the British Fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

#### IV.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again,
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

#### V.

Believe not what the land men say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They'll tell thee, sailors when away
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

#### VI.

If to fair India's coast we fail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

#### VII.

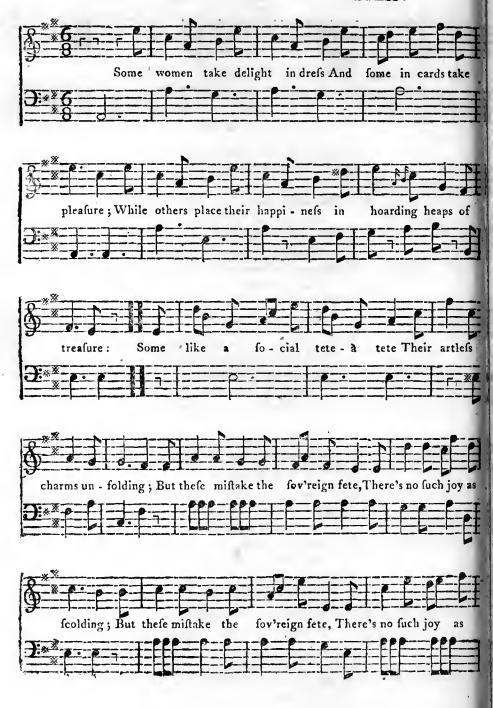
Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' canons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly.
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

#### VIII.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The fails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kis'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat, unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.
B b 2

# SONG XCV.

#### SOME WOMEN TAKE DELIGHT IN DRESS.





The instant that I ope mine eyes,
Adieu all day to filence;
Before my neighbours they can rife,
They hear my tongue a mile hence.
When at the board I take my feat,
'Tis one continued riot;
I eat and scold, and scold and eat,
'My clack is ne'er at quiet.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold;
I ever am complaining;
Too fresh, too stale, too young, too old.
Each guest at table paining:
Let it be fowl, or siesh, or sish,
Tho' of my own providing,
I still find fault with ev'ry dish,
Still ev'ry servant chiding.

But when I go to bed at night,
I furely fall to weeping;
For then I lose my great delight;
Oh could I foold when sleeping!
But this my pain doth mitigate,
And soon disperses forrow,
Altho' to-night it be too late,
I'll pay it off to-morrow!

# SONG XCVI.

### I AM A POOR SHEPHERD UNDONE.





She ask'd me of my estate;

I told her a slock of sheep;
The grass whereon they graze,
Where she and I might sleep;
Besides a good ten pound,
In old king Harry's groats,
With hooks and crooks abound
And birds of sundry notes.
And alas &c.

If to love she should not incline,

I told her I'd die in an hour.

To die, says she, 'tis in thine;

But to love, 'tis not in my pow'r.

I ask'd her the reason why

She could not of me approve;

She said 'twas a task too hard

To give any reason for love.

And alas &c.

# SONG XCVIL

### ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.



Her hair's fae fair, her een's fae clear,
Her wee bit mou's fae fweet and bonny,
To me the ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife &c.

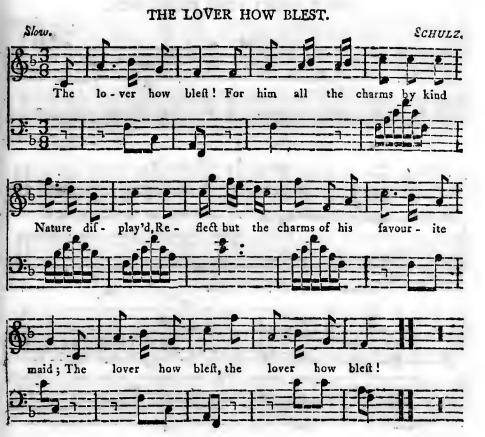
But O, she was the canty quean.

And weel could dance the highland walloch?

How happy I had she been mine,

Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Roy's wife &cc.



The lover how bleft!

He hears in the carol that bursts from the grove The voice of his fair-one confessing her love;

The lover how bleft, the lover how bleft!

The lover how bleft !

The fost-flowing streams as they gurgle impart
The whisper of love and the throb of the heart; &c.

The lover how bleft!

The dew-drops that bend while they deck the sweet flower, Are the tear-swimming eye, in affection's soft hour; &c.

The lover how bleft !

The blush of the dawn leading on chearful day Is the cheek of his love smiling sorrow away; &cc.

The lover how bleft !

The evening in dun fober mantle array'd

Resembles the virtues that deck his chaste maid, &c.

The lover how blest, the lover how blest.





Softer than the vernal breezes,

Is the mild deceitful strain;
Frowning truth our fex displeases,
Flatt'ry never sues in vain;
Soon, too soon, the happy lover,
Does our tend'rest hopes deceive;
Man was form'd to be a rover,
Foolish woman to believe.

#### COME LET'S BE MERRY.



Let not to-morrow bring your forrow, While the stream of time flows on, But when the blissful day is past, Still endeayour that the next Be full as gay, and as little perplex'd,

If you have leifure, follow pleasures.

Let not an hour of bliss pass by;

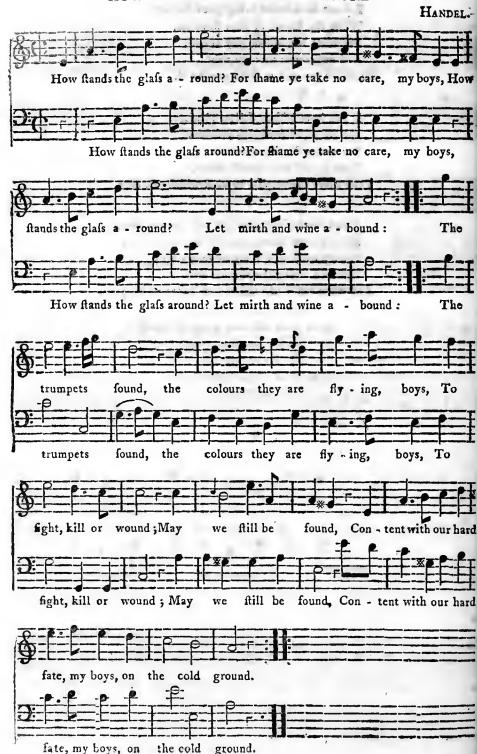
For as the seeting moments fly,

Time it will your youth decay,

Then strive to live, and bo blest whilst you may.

If you have plenty, nought will torment you,
But yet your felves, your felves may annoy;
Hearty and free's the poor man's joy;
Gladly yielding the minutes pass,
And when old Time shakes him, takes off his glass.

## HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND.



II.

Why, Soldiers, why,
Shou'd we be melancholy boys?
Why Soldiers, why,
Whofe buf'nefs 'tis to die!
What, fighing, fie!
Damn fear, drink on, be jolly boys,
'Tis he, you or I,
Cold, hot, wet, or dry;
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And fcorn to fly.

III.

'Tis but in vain,

I mean not to upbraid you, boys,

'Tis but in vain

For Soldiers to complain;

Shou'd next campaign

Send us to him who made us, boys,

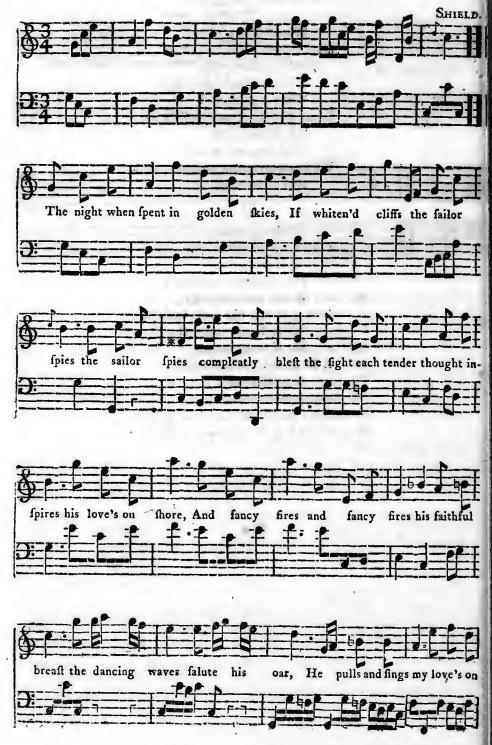
We're free from pain!

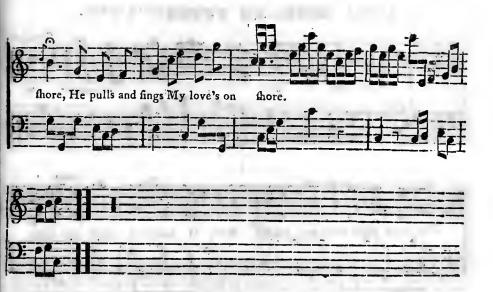
But if we remain,

A bottle and kind landlady

Cure all again.

## GOLDEN SKIES.

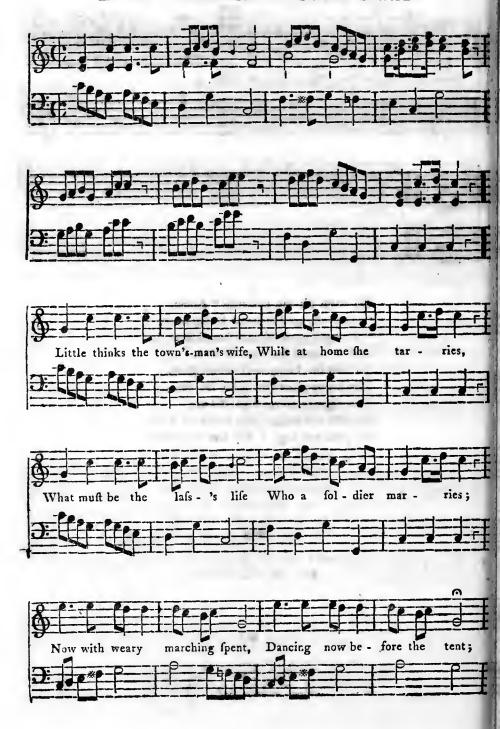


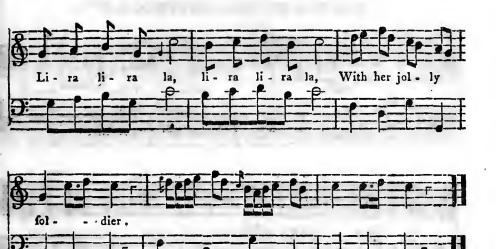


He waves his hat, and cries "Adieu,
"Farewell good ship and loving crew,
"Farewell good ship; for love I steer."
And as around he turns his face,
To view the happy well known place,
The happy place that holds his dear,
The dancing waves falute his oar,
He pulls and sings, "My love's on shore,"
He pulls and sings, "My love's on shore,"

## SONG CIII.

LITTLE THINKS THE TOWNSMAN'S WIFE.





2

In the camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning;
Only griev'd her Love must rise,
And quit her in the morning;
But the doubtful skirmish done,
Blithe she fings at set of sun,
Lira lira la, Lira lira la,
With her jolly soldier.

3

Should the Captain of her dear
Use his vain endeavour,
Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,
Two fond hearts to sever;
At his passion she will scoff,
Laughing thus she'll put him off;
Lira lira la, Lira lira la,
For her jolly soldier.

## LOVE'S A TRIFLING SILLY FASSION.





## SONG 'CV.

## O WHERE HAVE YE BEEN A' DAY.



And where gat ye that young thing? my boy Tammy. I gat her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding a wee lamb and ewe for her poor Mammy.

What said ye to that young thing? my boy Tammy.

I prais'd her een sae lovely blue,

Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou;

I pree'd it ast, as ye may true, she said she'd tell her Mammy

I held her to my beating heart; " My young, my smiling Lammy,

- " I hae a house, it cost me dear,
- " I've walth o' plenishin and geer,
- "Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy.

The smile gade aff her bonny face; " I manna leave my Mammy;

- "She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,
- " She's been my comfort a' my days,
- " My father's death brought mony waes; I canna leave my Mammy."
- "We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain kind hearted Lammy,
- " We'll gie her meat ; we'll gie her claise;
- "We'll be her comfort a' her days ;"

The wee thing gi'es her hand and fays, " There ! gang and ask my Mammy

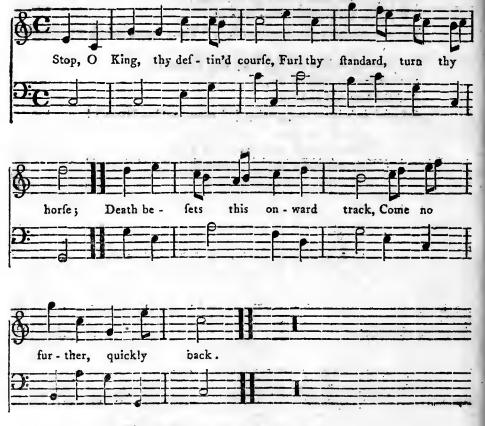
Has she been to kirk wi' thee? my boy Tammy,
She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee,
But oh! she's but a young thing, just come frae her Mammy!

## SONG CVI.

## DUNCAN'S WARNING

# RECITATIVE.

As o'er the heath, amid his steel-clad Thanes,
The royal Duocan rode in martial pride,
Where, full to view, high topp'd with glitt'ring vanes,
Macbeth's strong tow'rs o'er-hung the mountain's side a
In dusky mantle wrapp'd, a grisly form
Rush'd with a giant stride across the way;
And thus, while howl'd around the rising storm,
In hollow thund'ring access pout'd dismay.



Hear'st thou not the raven's croak? See'st thou not the blasted oak? Feel'st thou not the loaded sky? Read thy danger, king, and sly s

Lo! you castle banners glare Bloody thro' the troubled air, Lo! what spectres on the roof, Frowning bid thee stand aloof.

Murder, like an eagle, waits

Perch'd above the gloomy gates,

Just in act to pounce his prey,

Come not near—away, away.

Let not plighted faith beguile Honour's femblance, beauty's fmile; Fierce ambition's venom'd dart Rankles in the fest'ring heart.

Treason, arm'd against thy life, Points his dagger, whets his knife, Drugs his stupifying bowl, Steels his unrelenting soul.

Now 'tis time; ere grifly night Closes round thee, speed thy slight; If the threshold once be crost, Duncan, thou'rt for ever lost.

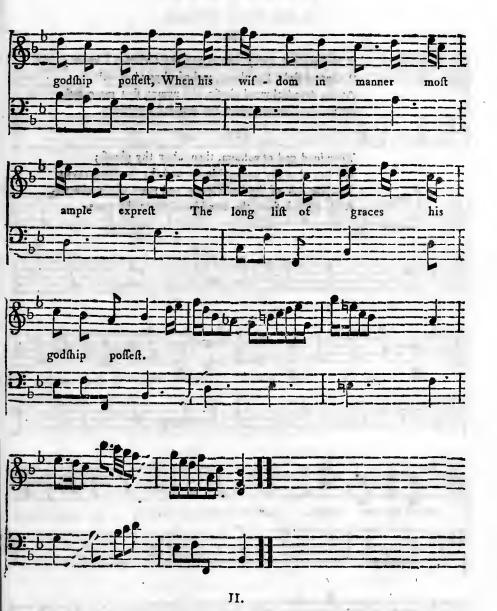
On he goes! refiftless fate
Hastes to fill his mortal date:
Cease, ye warnings! vain tho' true,
Murder'd king, adicu! adicu!

#### SONG CVII.

## I AM, SAID APOLLO.



# CONTINUED:



"I'm the god of sweet song and inspirer of lays."
Nor for lays nor sweet song the fair sugitive stays.
"I'm the god of the harp—stop my fairest." In vain;
Nor the harp nor the harper could bring her again.

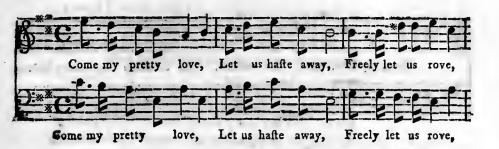
## III.

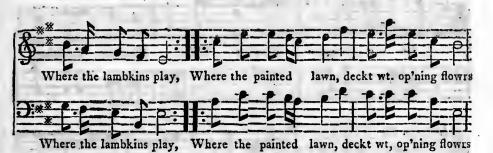
"Ev'ry plant, ev'ry flow'r, and their virtues I know;
"God of light I'm above, and of physic below."
At the dreadful word physic, the nymph fled more fast;
At the fatal word physic, she doubled her haste.

#### IV.

Thou fond god of wisdom, then, alter thy phrase;
Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy ravishing rays;
Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damsel will fly to thy arms.

## COME MY PRETTY LOVE,







Sweet the roses blow, sweet the tedded hay,

Sweet the heifers low, round the dewy lee;

Hark! the feather'd train chant their songs with glee,

Oh! the sprightly strain! come my love with me.

Not the dawn of day, not the breath of herds, Not the lambkins play, nor the fong of birds, Not the blushing rose, nor the tedded hay, Can one charm disclose, when my love's away.

## SONG CIX.

## HANG, MY LYRE, UPON THE WILLOW.



Calls it love, that fpurning duty, Spurning nature's chastest ties, Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty, Sports at fallen virtue's sighs.

Call it love, no more profaming, Truth with dark suspicion's wound a Or, my fair, the term retaining, Change the sense, preserve the sound.

Yes, 'tis love, that name is given, Angels to your purest slames, Such a love as merits heaven Heav'n's divinest image claims.

### THE MILKMAID.

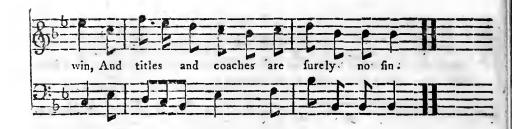
A CANTATA

#### RECITATIVE.

As Kate one morn, with milk-pail on her head,
Was trudging homeward thro' the verdant mead;
Her mind revolving on ten thousand ways
To fix a lover and her fortune raise;
Bright hope at once beam'd on her flutt'ring breast,
And as she went she thus herself address'd:







REC. Struck with the fancied bliss, Kate leapt for joy,
Ah! fickle fortune! why her hopes destroy?

Down came the pail, and in the mighty fall,
Eggs, chickens, lambs, lords, squires, are vanish'd all!







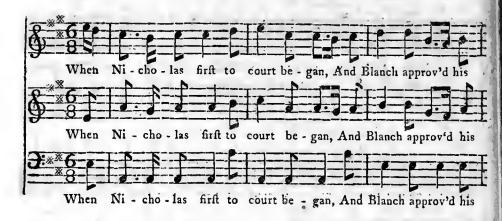
#### SONG CXI.

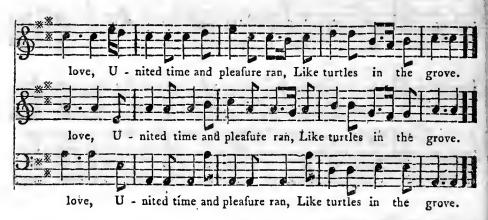
## TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.



#### SONG CXII.

## WHEN NICHOLAS FIRST TO COURT BEGAN.









When children blest the loving pair,
Kind Heav'n increated their store,
Their boys were brave, their girls were fair,
And each a portion bore,
Of rural industry,
With dance and song and glee,
Happy and gay &c.

The age their heads with filver crown'd.

Affection did increase,

Differtion ne'er their hearts could wound,

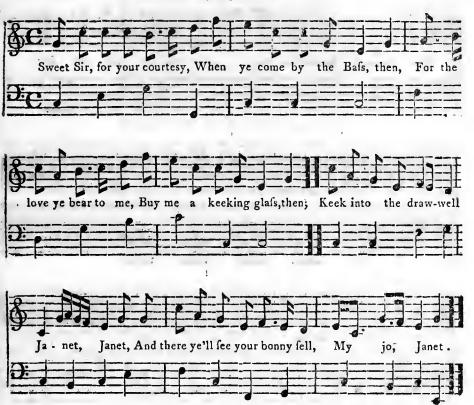
Nor jealousy their peace;

And still remembrance sweet,

Their placid minds would greet.

Happy and gay &c.

## MY JO JANET.



Keeking in the draw-well clear, What if I shou'd fa' in, Sir? Then a' my kin will say and swear I drown'd myfell for fin, Sir. Had the better by the brae, Janet, Janet; Had the better by the brae, My jo, Janet Kind Sir, for your courtely, Coming thro' Aberdeen, then, For the love ye bear to me, Buy me a pair of sheen, then. Clout the auld the new are dear, Janet, Janet, Ae pair may gain ye half a year, My jo, Janet. But what if dancing on on the green, And skipping like a maukin, Folk shou'd see my clouted sheen, Of me they will be talking; Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en, Jaret, Janet, Syne a' their fau'ts will no be seen, My jo, Janet.

#### THE COTTAGE BOY.





How blest my days fince Sylvia's kind!

No other joy I with to know,

For in her smiles soft bliss I find,

In her all gentle virtues glow;

The slaves of fortune let me shun,

My humble cottage to enjoy,

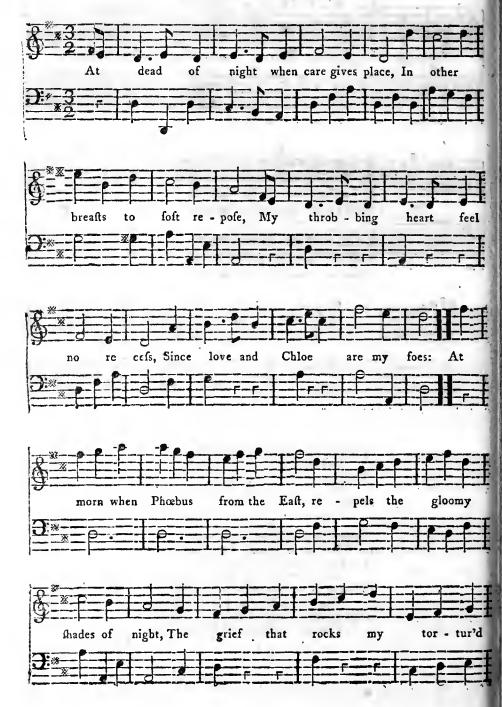
When toil and labour's o'er and done,

Thus chearful sung the Cottage Boy.

Returning at mild ev'ning's hour,
Perhaps my Sylvia I may meet,
For her I'll pull the chicest slower,
And strew it at my fair one's feet.
Then as it drooping dies 'twill prove,
That time e'en beauty will destroy,
How transient then is youthful Love!
Thus chearful sung the Cottage Boy.

## SONG CXV.

## AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

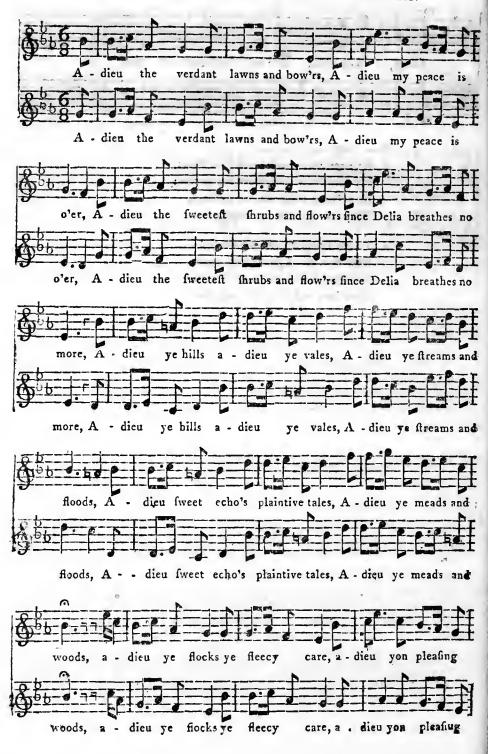


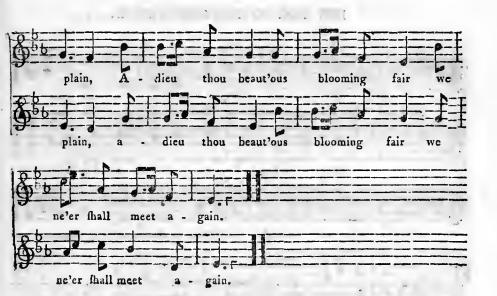


At noon when most intense he shines, My forrows more intense are grown; At ev'ning, when the sun declines, They set not with the setting sun.

To my relief then hasten death? And ease me of my restless woes; With joy I will resign my breath, Since love and Chloe are my focs.

# ADIEU THE VERDANT LAWNS AND BOW'RS.





#### SONG CXVII.

## HEY HOE TO THE GREENWOOD.

